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"THE BAYADERE" (INDIAN DANCING-GIRL).

PICTURE BY N. SICHEL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The prices realised at the auction of Lord Tennyson's original MSS. the other day are, probably, larger, especially if their slender dimensions are taken into consideration, than those given for any similar literary property during an author's lifetime: a most significant and satisfactory proof of the love and honour in which he is held. The examples brought under the hammer were either small or incomplete—setting aside the poet's protest as to some defects of authenticity—so that the entire MS. of "In Memoriam" would probably sell, unless written on foolscap (which seems impossible) or other heavy paper, for its weight in bank-notes. The vista that has opened of late years to the popular author has been indeed a pleasing one. Of old, the novel or the poem could be sold but once; but now there is first the magazine, or the newspaper; then the book; and then the various editions; and now again there is the original MS.

The question, however, arises, "What is an original MS.?" Almost all books, and especially poems, are recopied for the printer, and generally in the handwriting of the author. I have my own opinion as to which is the more valuable, but others may differ, and, at all events, there are two autograph MSS. instead of one, which should make a double profit. How these get into other hands is sometimes inexplicable, even to the writers themselves. I know a gentleman of literary tastes who is a collector of such treasures; among them, he possesses the manuscript of a certain excellent and popular novel, and, happening to meet the author out at dinner, he made him a very pretty speech. "I have something of yours at home, Mr. B., which I value very highly; and, bound in whole crushed morocco, I flatter myself its appearance would give you pleasure. It is the original manuscript of your 'Untrodden Snow.'"

"And pray, Sir, how the deuce did you come by it?" was the unexpected rejoinder. It was difficult to explain without implicating a friend; but, of course, the collector did not hesitate at that for a moment.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. B., when your admirable novel was passing through the magazine in which it first appeared, the printers found your handwriting so beautiful that the editor returned your proofs without 'the copy,' and retained your manuscript; and, knowing my passion for such treasures, he was so good as to give it to me.

"It was very generous of him," remarked the novelist, drily; "and when I see him, I will tell him so." And he did.

I possess some original MSS. myself (No, Sir; I am not referring to my *own* works; the suggestion is abominable), which I should be glad to dispose of at a moderate figure. They are the anonymous letters which persons one is compelled to call one's fellow-creatures have favoured me with during my humble literary career; everybody gets them—not excepting Majesty itself—who has been placed by birth, accident, merit, or "the suffrages of a thoughtless and ignorant public" (a quotation from the valuable collection above alluded to) in any position of prominence, however moderate. To a student of human nature, these examples of the seamy side of it should be priceless: some of them (for which, doubtless, the highest figures will be realised) are of a nature which in literary editions of British authors are entitled "Extra volume." It is quite amazing how persons who must have had a certain amount of education—have learnt to write, at all events—can so degrade themselves.

Occasionally some of the same class with those who write anonymous letters even put their names to these lucubrations. Liqueur is doubtless often "a cause," as old Burton terms it, of their composition, but more commonly, as it would seem, mere envy and malice: "crazed with gin or jealousy," they write out of the fullness of their spite to say how undeserved, in their opinion, is the prosperity which they conceive (not always justly, I am sorry to say) to be our portion. One of these charming communications beginning "Sir, I know you cannot write, and I believe you are unable to think," now lies before me, and is quite a gem in its way. I suppose that there are what French juries (but no one else) would call "extenuating circumstances" in some of these cases; failure or disappointment which causes these poor wretches to wreak their hatred upon those they fancy (foolishly enough) have escaped such calamities; but in others there seems really no accounting for their existence; like the legendary reptiles of the old natural-history books, they appear to be self-propagated in the slime they dwell in.

Who can read Mr. George Kennan's account of the convicts who work at the Kara gold-mines for the benefit of the Czar's private exchequer and yet believe in his Majesty's humanity? If he knows nothing of what is done there in his name and in his personal behoof he ought to be ashamed of himself; if he does know, he must be a very heartless man. It is to penal servitude at these mines, when Nihilists have been condemned to death, that he is graciously pleased to commute their sentence. The air breathed by the objects of his clemency in their loathsome prison is thus described: "A person who has once inhaled that odour can never forget it, and yet it is so unlike any other bad smell in the world that I hardly know with what to compare it. I can ask you to imagine cellar air, every atom of which has been half-a-dozen times through human lungs, and is heavy with carbonic acid; to imagine that air still further vitiated by foul, pungent, highly ammoniacal exhalations from long-unwashed human bodies; to imagine"—here the details are too disgusting for extract—"and still you will have a very inadequate idea of it." The walls of this filthy prison had once been white-washed, but, "dark and grimy now from lapse of time, were blotched in hundreds of places with dull red blood-stains where the convicts had crushed bed

bugs." They sleep in this poisonous atmosphere without pillows or blankets, in their miserable clothes, side by side in rows as closely packed as herrings. "I could discover no way in which a single cubic foot of fresh air could get into that place after the doors had been closed for the night." Of course, the convicts have all scurvy. The women's prison was even more filthy than the men's. To write freely upon the subject is, indeed, as difficult as for these poor creatures to breathe freely; and yet to read of these things can't be nearly so bad as to endure them. The facts are indisputable: supplied by two American eye-witnesses supposed to be enamoured of a paternal government (but, if so, who have got over their enthusiasm), and who had exceptional opportunities of examination afforded them. But, indeed, what makes the case still more terrible, the officials themselves seem to have seen no particular reason for concealment—to rot and die was, in their eyes, the natural end of those committed to their charge. The Emperor's own convicts are probably at least in no worse condition than Russian convicts elsewhere, and their misery is taken as a matter of course. One wonders whether "the Father of his People" knows anything of these atrocities or not? In either case, the title is a misnomer, indeed.

Facts are not only "stubborn things," but often stubbornly oppose themselves to what is most romantic in our literary creeds; when we learn from the general opinion of the dalesmen of the Lake Country that the "faithful dog," the subject of two poems by great poets, who was thought to have watched the remains of his master on Helvellyn for a month or two, fasting, did in reality live on them, it gives the poetical side of one's nature a "nasty jar"; indeed, I don't know a nastier. The whole affair wears henceforth a complexion, doubtless more natural, but very different and disagreeable. In reading the poem, instead of "Fidelity," it suggests at best "The Force of Circumstances." And now another of our poetical illusions, even still more dear to us, has been swept away. "A north country correspondent" has been, investigating the subject of Tennyson's "Burleigh Hall" not wisely but too well. Everyone has sympathised with the "village maiden" who, being wooed and won by the young landscape painter, pines and fades under the burthen of an honour unto which she was not born, on discovering him to be the Lord of Burleigh. Now-a-days noble lords are wont to marry young women much less "presentable" (at all events, at Court) than she was, and they by no means pine and fade, but (so to speak) quite the contrary. If Tennyson's heroine had known the history of Mr. Henry Cecil, as we (now) know it, she would have been, in more than one sense, a wiser woman; but to romantic people like ourselves, it is a blow to hear that her masquerading husband had not only been married before, but had a wife alive the while he was wooing her. He was divorced from the lady, it is true; but it is nothing less than a fraud upon our tenderest feelings that they should under such circumstances have been enlisted in his favour. It was no doubt his fault (it generally is), and not his wife's, that they could not get on together; but at all events he has lost all claim to be what we believed him to be. The poem, moreover, has suffered by the revelation of this much too well-informed correspondent in another way. He tells us that the "simple maiden's" name was Hoggins: Sarah Hoggins. That any woman would pine away and die because she had changed such a name as that for Cecil is simply incredible, and passes the bounds of poetic license.

M. Pasteur is very angry with the Australians for rejecting his loathsome plan of destroying their rabbits by inoculating them with an infectious disease; but a section of the British public is resolved to make it up to him for their ungrateful behaviour by subscribing to a Pasteur Institute. It is by no means clear that this ingenious saviour has saved one single life by his scientific attentions. His opponents even affirm that his method of treatment has in some cases produced the very disease, or something similar to it, he professes to cure; and at all events that "there have been more cases of death from hydrophobia in Paris since he began his researches than before"; but there is a craze (a term appropriate enough) in his favour among that large class who hail every novelty in the form of a remedial agent as "a revolution in science," and the fire of their enthusiasm is fanned by the vivisectionists, who smart and writhe (but not so piteously as their victims) under the legal restrictions to which they have been subjected, and see in M. Pasteur a spokesman and an ally! An American young lady, it has been written, being asked why she was in such high spirits, replied that "Dear Papa had been bitten by a mad dog, and consequently the whole family were going to Paris—to see M. Pasteur"; and the humorous tale has some tinge of truth in it. It is the world of thoughtless fashion that has placed this expert in hydrophobia on his pinnacle.

Another saviour of the same kidney, but of a far older professional reputation, announces that he has discovered the secret of rejuvenescence—of "making an old man young"—by a certain infallible preparation, "extracted from the flesh of living animals, brayed in a mortar, and injected under the skin with a syringe." There is no fool like an old fool, and we all know the class of man who, though he be "brayed in a mortar," retains his original attributes. There is little doubt that plenty of people will be found to believe in this new "secret of eternal youth"; but what appals one is the long list of cruelties these scientific charlatans avowedly perpetrate upon dumb animals—chiefly, it seems, on puppies and guinea-pigs—in order to qualify themselves as "benefactors of mankind." As a matter of fact, they benefit nobody; unlike those military adventurers who "wade through slaughter to a throne," they carry on their filthy and cruel experiments only to become quacks at last.

The plan of lending books to railway travellers is not, it seems, to be adopted on our English lines, and for very sufficient

reasons. When the journey is of great extent there may be some justification for the innovation, but in England, where twelve hours is the extreme limit of travel, it appears unnecessary. Moreover, if we want to read Alison's "History of Europe" (a monstrous supposition to begin with), we don't do it in a railway-carriage; on the other hand, it seems a superfluity of detail to "deposit" two shillings at Victoria Station for a railway novel on going down to Brighton, and pay twopence for the use of it on the way. Again, how can the lender, without examination—for which it is hardly likely the borrower will wait when he arrives at his journey's end—tell whether any damage has been done to a book or not? Some people have a fancy, as secretaries of lending libraries know only too well, for turning an illustrated edition of a book into a plain one by the simple but effectual process of tearing out the maps and the pictures; others enrich it with remarks, and even illustrations of their own, which do not tend to the edification of the next reader. Apart, too, from these objections, the proposed plan would tend still more to restrain people from forming little libraries of their own—one of the best methods of self-education that can be devised. Even as it is, it is a common complaint that from our habit of borrowing books instead of buying them, Englishmen know less about what they have read than any other people. A good book is seldom read twice, and, even the first time, it is hurried through in order to procure its successor, and get our guinea's worth out of our annual subscription.

THE BAYADERE.

The Portuguese word "bailadeira," which means simply a female dancer, was applied by the first European settlers at Goa or Bombay to the class of Hindoo girls in attendance at the ancient temples of India, who performed ceremonial dances in honour of the god or goddess, at solemn religious festivals. This exhibition is still to be seen, in full pomp, at the yearly festival of Ganesa, the elephant-headed god of Wisdom, in his splendid temple at Benares, and in the procession that escorts his gilded image, placed in a velvet palanquin under a decorated canopy, to the bank of the Ganges. It is said that the young women in the service of Ganesa are kept in as strict a seclusion as nuns or vestal virgins; being the daughters of respectable Brahmin families, who were espoused in their childhood, and who have, by the premature death of their intended husband, become widows, and incapable of contracting a second marriage, without ever having lived as wives. The character of some other female dancers, employed in the more licentious rites of less venerable Hindoo divinities, in different parts of India, may be less irreproachable; they readily pass into the ordinary class of "nautch-girls," and serve at the private entertainments of rich men, which it is unnecessary to describe. Dancing, however, as well in India as among nearly all the Asiatic nations, is conducted with a stately seriousness which belongs to its original institution in the religious customs of the race, though it is possible that the slow waying movements and languishing gestures of women trained to this art, in spite of their cumbrous attire of robes and scarf, may be more provocative of voluptuous sensations than the liveliest waltz or polka. It would of course be thought very shocking for men and women to dance together; indeed, the innocent pastime of our ball-rooms is a scandal to native ideas, Hindoo or Mohammedan, which are constantly offended by English example. The "Bayadere," however, from her connection with the priesthood and mystical traditions of antiquity, was associated with various romantic legends, some of which have been made the theme of well-known poems by celebrated authors in Europe.

UP THE RIVER.

A holiday in proper Midsummer weather can be made very enjoyable in a boat on the Thames above Surbiton, or at any quiet parts of the course of our pleasant river in its tranquil flow through Oxfordshire, Bucks, and Berks, among the broad meadows, the wooded hills, the fair parks and garden-lawns of inviting villas, with opportunities of substantial refreshment at the well-provided riverside inns. The rowing party, if tolerably strong and skilful, will always have the best of it, while the aquatic solitary may paddle his own canoe. Some portions of the banks admit of towing with the aid of a horse, but this mode of locomotion is liable to disagreeable hindrances; and the steam-launch is preferred by many who love their ease. Yet the jarring noise and felt vibration of the small engine, though not intolerable at starting, may prove wearisome after being endured a few hours; one would rather get rid of machinery in seeking repose from the bustle of town. Holiday rest, for the jaded brain and nerves of a Londoner, cannot begin till the railway-train is left behind, and who would like to continue his sorely-needed ramble in an omnibus or a tram-car? The steam-launch is little better, except that it travels over a silent watery highway, which is cool, free of dust, and open to the fresh air. One who really loves the river, delighting to handle and use it, will choose any sort of rowing-boat, canoe, or punt, sooner than sitting behind a box of rattling valves, pistons, cranks, and connecting-rods, listening to puffs of steam and the throbs of a screw-propeller. But let this be a free matter of taste; there is much pleasure in a trip up the Thames, especially in the company of agreeable people. When people are disagreeable, the worst of this situation is that you cannot get away from them, as you might contrive to do on shore. It is not easy to change seats, even at a stoppage; and to sit beside the same person for several hours, without the compensating indulgences of the dinner-table, and with nothing to do, often with little to see, is a social grievance to be painfully remembered. A gentleman who wants his cigar, but who knows or fears that smoking would offend some lady in the boat, might be tempted to fall overboard for the desperate chance of escape. How much more the lady or gentleman who wishes to escape from an importunate and compromising flirtation? The arrival at a lock, however, where the boat is detained ten minutes, affords a brief respite to the victims of cramped confinement and enforced inactivity, who must envy the wielders of the oar.

The largest muster of Metropolitan Volunteer troops which has been held this season came off on June 22 in brilliant weather, when quite 12,000 of artillery, engineers, cavalry, mounted infantry, military cyclists, ambulance and signalling detachments were under arms principally for the official inspections ordered by the Commander-in-Chief. The largest muster was in Hyde Park of the Queen's Westminster Rifles, who, under the command of Colonel Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P., made the grand spectacle of nearly a thousand men in line on the Guards' ground, where they were inspected by Colonel Stracey, Scots Guards.

THE COURT.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral on Sunday morning, June 23, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household, by the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle, and of the Chapel Royal of Scotland, and one of her Majesty's Chaplains. Dr. Cameron Lees had the honour of being invited to dine with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia and Princess Leiningen, left Balmoral on the afternoon of the 25th on her return to Windsor. Her Majesty drove to Ballater, and travelled by special train to Windsor, which was reached next morning. During her Majesty's eighteen days' sojourn on the Deeside she has enjoyed splendid weather, and her health has greatly benefited by the visit. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg returned to Windsor Castle on the 25th from the Queen's Pavilion, Aldershot.

Royal Ascot week had a charming finish in the Prince and Princess of Wales's picnic at Virginia Water on Saturday evening, June 22. The Princess, accompanied by her daughters, Princesses Louise and Victoria, was early on the scene, and they lunched at the Fishing Cottage. The Prince of Wales arrived later. His Royal Highness, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Lord Clonmell, and Mr. Christopher Sykes, drove from Sunningdale, in the Earl of Fife's coach, to the Cavalry Barracks at Windsor, there to view the cricket-match between the First Life Guards and I Zingari. This game was still in progress when the Royal party left for Virginia Water, where they arrived shortly after six o'clock, and joined the Princess and her daughters, Prince and Princess Christian, and the other ladies and gentlemen who have been staying at Sunningdale. The Prince and his son went out in a large skiff, Prince Albert Victor and other gentlemen rowing, and the Prince steering the craft; the Princess and her daughters and Princess Christian embarked in smaller boats, and Prince Christian sailed in the yacht. The Royal party remained upon the water till sunset, and on landing dined at the Cottage.—The implement-yard of the Royal Agricultural Society's Jubilee Show in Windsor Park was opened on the 22nd by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty, and was inspected by numbers of distinguished visitors. Divine service was held on Sunday morning, the 23rd, in a large marquee on the ground, the Prince and Princess and others of the Royal family being among the congregation. The Dean of Windsor conducted the service. A meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society was held in the show-yard on the 25th, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, who cordially bade the society welcome. Among the resolutions adopted was one acknowledging the honour and benefit conferred by the Queen in accepting the presidency of the society during its jubilee year.—On the 26th, the Mayor of Windsor (Mr. G. H. Peters) entertained the Prince, Prince Christian, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and other distinguished guests at a luncheon in the Guildhall of the Royal borough. A Venetian fête was held on the Thames in the evening.

Granted fine weather, the Shah's voyage up the Thames on Monday, July 1, will form a brilliant scene. The following is the official programme for the Shah's arrival in London. His Majesty is to embark at Flushing in the morning on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and his retinue will be conveyed to England in the Osborne. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir John McNeill, Mr. S. Churchill, and Mr. R. H. Nevill will meet the Shah at Flushing and accompany him to England. Royal salutes will be fired as the yachts pass up the Thames. The Prince of Wales will meet the Shah at Gravesend, proceeding there by water, and they will return in a specially-engaged steamer to Westminster Palace stairs, where the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian will meet them. Lord Lathom is then to conduct the Shah to the Queen's State carriages, and, accompanied by the Royal Princes, he will drive to Buckingham Palace, escorted by a field officer's escort of Life Guards, by way of Whitehall, the Horse Guards, and the Mall, the route being lined with Household troops. There is to be a guard of honour in New Palace-yard and also at Buckingham Palace, where the Shah will be received by the Princess of Wales. The Shah's retinue and baggage will be landed at Gravesend and sent by special train to Victoria, and thence to Buckingham Palace. The great officers will conduct the Shah to the Bow Drawing-Room, where he is to take leave of the members of the Royal family, after which Lord Lathom will escort him to his private apartments, and he will dine alone. Next morning the Shah will hold a full-dress reception in the Bow Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. The Corps Diplomatique are to be presented to his Majesty by the Persian Ambassador at 11.30. At noon the Shah will receive the Ministers, who are to be presented by the Lord Chamberlain. At 12.30 the Shah will leave for Windsor, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor (in the absence of the Prince of Wales, who is obliged to be away at the Sandringham sale), and he will proceed by special train from Paddington to Windsor, where the route from the station to the castle is to be lined with Household troops, and a salute will be fired in the Long Walk by a battery of artillery on his arrival and departure. The Shah is to be received at Windsor station by Prince Christian and Prince Henry of Battenberg. He will drive to the castle by the Long Walk, and through George IV.'s Gateway to the Queen's entrance, where her Majesty will receive him, attended by the Mistress of the Robes and the great officers. Luncheon will be served at two o'clock, and at three his Majesty will return to London.

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, second son of Prince and Princess Christian, has arrived at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, from Darmstadt. His Highness stays in England about three weeks.

We are officially informed that the inspection of the fleet at Spithead by the German Emperor will take place on Saturday, Aug. 3, and not on Monday, Aug. 5, as previously stated.

The King of Greece and his son the Duke of Sparta, who is betrothed to Princess Sophie of Prussia, a granddaughter of the Queen, will visit London towards the end of July.

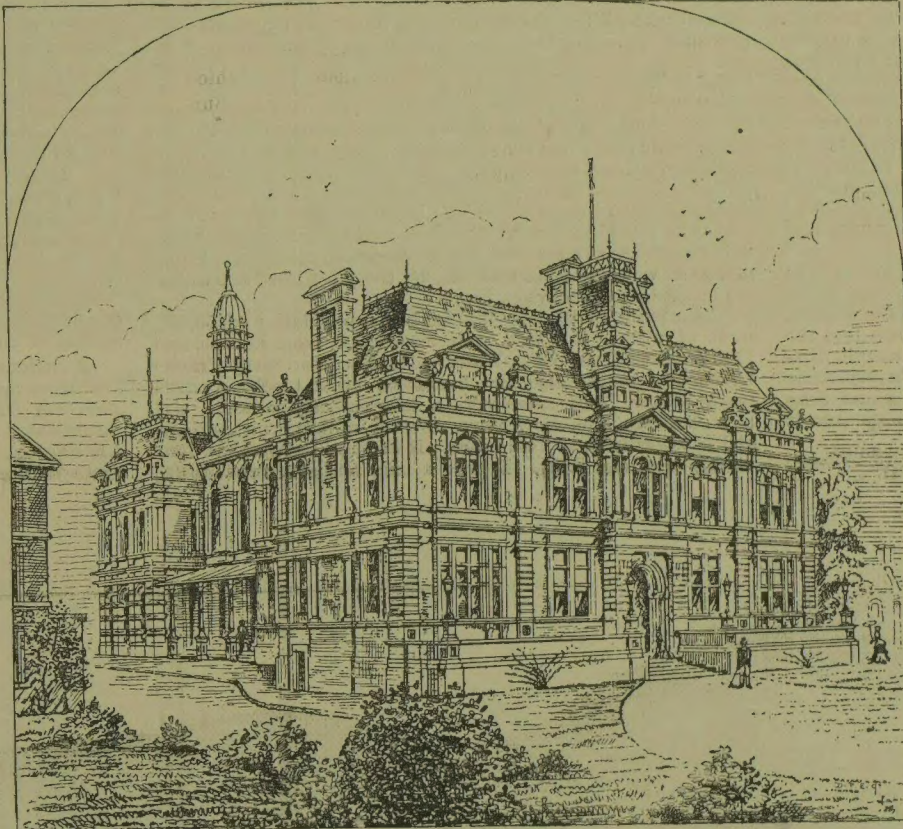
Thousands of visitors to the Paris Exhibition will look with admiration at Messrs. Rylands' splendid exhibit of Dacca calicoes and longcloths, and it may interest them to know that this gigantic firm of textile manufacturers finds employment for 11,000 persons in its various mills, &c., aided by engines the united strength of which amounts to over 8000-horse power, and turns out some 30,000 tons of manufactured goods annually.

PICTURES OF COLONIAL SCENERY.

The exhibition of pictures of Colonial scenery by Mr. Edward Roper, now arranged at the Egyptian Gallery, deserves to be better known than it has so far been. We talk glibly about our Colonies, and are proud of our relationship to them; but very few of us have the least idea of more than the outline of their configuration. Mr. Roper does not pretend to challenge artistic comparison for his work; he has been a colonist, a traveller, and a keen observer of Nature, and his object has been to commit to canvas some of the impressions made upon him during his years of travel. Canada, British Columbia, New Zealand, and Australia have been in turn visited—and he has brought away from them numerous sketches which, as a mere matter of training, might be turned to practical account by every one, from the schoolboy to the statesman. In the Canadian section we learn something of "lumbering" and prairie life, or can gather hints as to the attractions of Muskoka or Assiniboia as objects of an autumn holiday. In British Columbia the Alpine climber will discover fresh fields, of ice and snow, ready to tempt him to deeds of daring; or the politician may ponder on the resources of Esquimaux or the importance of Barrard Inlet in case of war; whilst the Princess Charlotte Islands seem to furnish a happy ground for "totem" worshippers. The Australian series opens up the pleasanter side of a squatter's life, with its kangaroo and emu hunts, over vast hilly plains, or among forests of blue gum-trees. From New Zealand Mr. Roper sends, for the most part, general views of the coast and mountains, chiefly of the Southern Island, of which the fjords on the west coast and Mount Cook are the most distinctive features. These and several pictures illustrative of the voyage round Cape Horn make up an interesting show, which we can commend to those who desire to see how and where our Canadian and Australian cousins live and enjoy themselves.

THE NEW TOWNHALL, BUXTON.

This handsome block of public buildings, opened by the Marquis of Hartington on June 26, includes a Townhall, a Free Library, a board-room and offices for the Urban Sanitary Authority, and accommodation for the officials in charge of the water, gas, cabs, and markets. The buildings cover an area



THE NEW TOWNHALL, BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.

of 1500 square yards, and have cost about £10,000. One front is to the Market Place, while the opposite one looks down the Terrace Walks and across the valley. The tower, which rises out of the south front, gives some distinction to that side. The outside walls are of local stone, with facings of ashlar from the Knowsley quarries and Yorkshire porphyries. The public hall, 80 ft. by 40 ft., and 38 ft. high, is a handsome room, with a gallery at one end. It is approached by a staircase hall 16 ft. wide. The staircase is of polished York stone, with landings finished in marble mosaic. The Free Library accommodation includes a large reading-room, 40 ft. by 25 ft., and a smaller room. The public offices occupy the north side of the building. The board-room, on the first floor, is 40 ft. by 20 ft., with a ceiling 20 ft. high. Committee-rooms and other apartments adjoin. The floors of the corridors and halls are laid with terrazzo and mosaic paving. On the Market Place side the building includes a number of shops. The Masonic brethren of Buxton will also find a home in the building. A clock for the tower has been presented by the Committee of the Lord Frederick Cavendish Memorial Fund. The general contractor for the building was Mr. James Salt, and the architect was Mr. William Pollard, King-street, Manchester.

The New Zealand Parliament was opened on June 20 by the Earl of Onslow, the Governor, who, in his speech, congratulated the colony upon the improved state of affairs and the increase in the revenue.

The Royal Military Tournament was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on June 20, under the most favourable circumstances. The various evolutions and feats of arms were highly successful, and the attractions in no way diminished during the several days that the tournament remained open.

The fifty-second annual meeting of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes was opened on June 21 at Halifax. Sir Edward Baines (President) occupied the chair, and in his address claimed for England a pre-eminence in mechanical invention, in nautical discovery, and in originating the wonderful facilities now enjoyed by the world for traversing both land and sea. The report showed there were 274 institutes, with 58,100 members, in the union. Sir Edward Baines was re-elected President. Papers were afterwards read, one being by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., on continuation schools. At the conclusion of the proceedings, Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., entertained the delegates at dinner.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A fête was given on June 20 by the Paris Municipality to the exhibitors at the Exhibition and others in the Parc Monceau. Three thousand invitations were issued, and the park was brilliantly decorated and illuminated. Next day M. Carnot paid a State visit to the Colonial Section of the Exhibition, where he was received by all the native troops and villagers now in the Champ de Mars. He afterwards opened the Indo-Chinese Palace. The President opened the Mexican Pavilion at the Exhibition on the 22nd, amid shouts of "Vive Carnot!" "Vive la République!" On the 24th, President and Madame Carnot paid a prolonged visit to the British section of the Exhibition, while Marshal MacMahon spent some time in inspecting the Irish exhibits, with which he was much pleased.—The International Literary Congress was opened on the 20th at the Trocadéro, M. Jules Simon presiding. The speakers represented France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and Italy.—The Chamber of Deputies has passed the Budget of the Department of Fine Arts, subsequently proceeding to discuss the Estimates of the Ministry of War.—The Correctional Tribunal at Angoulême have ordered MM. Laguerre and Déroulède to pay fines of 100 francs each, for offences arising out of the recent Boulangist meeting; but M. Laisant was acquitted.—The Women's Rights Congress was opened at Paris on the 25th. Delegates from Scandinavia, Poland, Hungary, the United States, and England were present.—Another figure which linked us with the past has disappeared. Madame de Grouchy, the widow of the marshal who advanced too late to the succour of Napoleon on the ever-memorable June 18, died recently at Pau within a few days of the anniversary of Waterloo. She was eighty-six years of age, but she retained to the last her mental faculties. Her husband predeceased her forty-four years ago.

The Princess Letitia, who was married in the autumn of last year to the Duke of Aosta, has given birth to a son, who is to be named Umberto, after the King of Italy.

The Swiss National Council has unanimously sanctioned the raising of a loan of 16,000,000fr. for supplying repeating rifles of the Schmidt pattern to the Swiss Army.

The wedding of Prince Leopold of Prussia, only son of the late "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, and the Princess Louise Sophie of Schleswig-Holstein, the second sister of the German Empress, was celebrated on June 24 with all pomp and splendour. The bride had received a popular ovation on making her entry into the capital of Prussia on the 22nd, and a most cordial greeting from the Royal and Imperial family to which she is now allied so closely. That nothing might be wanting to her welcome, her marriage has been celebrated in accordance with all the traditions of the House of Hohenzollern, and with its stately and old-world ceremonial customs. The civil marriage ceremony was performed by the Minister of the Royal Household, Herr von Wedell, after which the religious ceremony was gone through in the chapel. This was followed by a wedding banquet, spread in other apartments of the Schloss; after which the entire company returned to the White Saloon to take part in, or witness, what always forms an indispensable conclusion to weddings at the Prussian Court—namely, the traditional torch dance, which is only a dance in name, being really a series of processions. About nine o'clock the bride and bridegroom left for Glienicke, near Potsdam, where they will spend their honeymoon.—The Emperor and Empress went to Stuttgart on the evening of the 24th, to be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King of Württemberg's accession. Thence they go to Sigmaringen to attend the wedding of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern.

The marriage was solemnised on June 19 in the Votivkirche, Vienna, of Prince Maximilian Egon Zu Fürstenberg, born 1863, and the third daughter of Count Schönborn, whose eldest sister married Prince Hohenlohe last year. All the three daughters of the Count are celebrated beauties in Vienna. The ceremony was attended, amongst others, by Count Kalnoky and the Ambassadors of Russia, Italy, and France.—The annual Corpus Christi procession

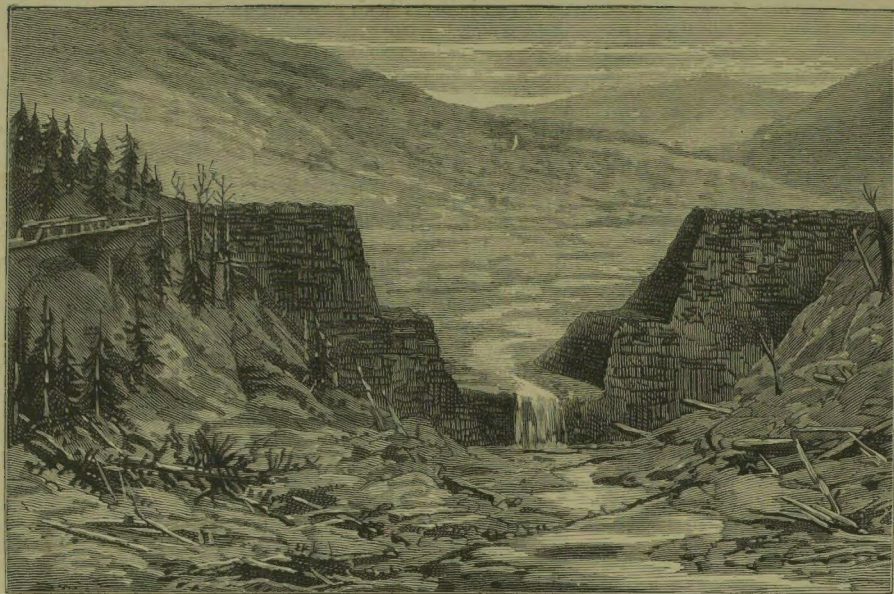
took place in Vienna on the 20th, and was attended by the Emperor. This is the finest periodical pageant that has survived in Europe, and when it is favoured by lovely weather, as was the case, it makes a most impressive show.—The Session of the Austrian Delegation and that of the Hungarian Delegation were opened on the 22nd, when the Presidents of the two bodies were chosen. Next day they waited upon the Emperor, who said his Government would strive to bring about a peaceful development of the European situation, which remained uncertain. He quoted the assurance he had received from the Serbian Regents, that they would preserve and foster the friendly relations hitherto existing between Serbia and Austria-Hungary, and reciprocated the hope that they would preserve their country from serious dangers.

A review of the men-of-war which have returned from service abroad was held on June 21 at Cronstadt. The Czar and Czarina and all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses were present, as well as other illustrious personages. The review passed off very successfully, all the ships being found to be in excellent condition and order.—King George of Greece and the Duke of Sparta left the Palace of Peterhof early on the 22nd, the Czar and Czarina and Grand Dukes and Duchesses accompanying them to the railway-station. The Czarévitch also left for Stuttgart, to be present at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the King of Württemberg.

Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier and Treasurer of Cape Colony, delivered his Budget speech on June 18. He announced that statistics proved that there was a great increase in the resources and products of the colony. Independent of the Transvaal gold fields, the increased value of the exports from the colony over the preceding year exceeded £1,000,000. The surplus revenue for the closing year, which would amount to £400,000, would be utilised to cover the deficits of the previous years. After remitting taxation to the extent of £270,000, the Premier estimated the revenue for the ensuing year at £3,889,000, and the expenditure at £3,787,000, thus showing a surplus of £102,000. The Budget was favourably received.

The Hon. J. A. Cockburn, who was Minister of Education in the last Administration, brought forward a resolution expressing want of confidence in the Government in the South Australian House of Assembly on June 21, and the motion was carried by a majority of three votes. In consequence of this vote the Ministry has resigned, and the Governor has sent for Mr. Cockburn, the mover of the adverse resolution.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE CONEMAUGH VALLEY, WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.



THE BROKEN DAM AT SOUTH FORK LAKE.



CORPSE-COLLECTORS AT WORK IN THE RAIN.

The immense disaster that took place on Friday, May 31, in the Conemaugh Valley, a thriving and populous manufacturing district in the State of Pennsylvania, west of the Alleghany mountain range, was fully described in a supplement to *The Illustrated London News*, published in the following week, and containing views of the Conemaugh Valley, and of Johnstown, where the Cambria Iron Company employed thousands of men, and where the loss of life was greatest. Photographs since received from America enable us to give some illustrations of the scenes of actual havoc; the burst dam of the South Fork Lake or Reservoir, a few miles above Johnstown; the effects of the flood in the main street of that town; the heaps of wreckage on the flats adjacent to the river below it; the burning of the mass of remains of timber dwelling-houses, trees, and driftwood, accumulated in the river just above the stone railway-bridge; and the sad work of collecting the corpses of the dead, whose total number there was estimated at nearly eight thousand, including women and children, besides hundreds more in other places.

The district in which this terrible calamity happened is in Cambria county, about eighty-five miles east of the great manufacturing city of Pittsburgh, near the summit of the western Alleghanies, part of the "great divide." Its streams feed the Juniata and Susquehanna to the east, the Conemaugh, Kiskiminetas, and Alleghany to the west. The Pennsylvania Railroad has developed its wooded mountain-tops and deep valleys as summer resorts. A few miles east of Johnstown is Cresson, 2300 ft. above sea-level.

The Conemaugh river, as was explained in our first account,

has an important tributary in a mountain stream called Stony Creek, and one which, before its junction with the Conemaugh, takes the name of the South Fork. This filled the artificial lake which the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club created by converting a part of the old Pennsylvania canal system into a reservoir. At the head of the creek, towards the mountains and about 300 ft. higher than the Johnstown flats, was a small natural lake. When the canal was building the engineers took this lake to supply the western division of the canal, which was made from there to Pittsburgh. The eastern division ended at Holidaysburg, east of the summit of the Alleghanies, where was a similar reservoir. Between the two was the old Portage Road, one of the first railroads constructed in the State. The canal was abandoned some years ago, as the Pennsylvania Railroad destroyed its traffic. A club called the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club was organised some years ago, and got the use of the lake from the Pennsylvania Company. The lake was closed by a dam, 700 ft. long and 100 ft. high, which held the water at a level of 250 ft. above Johnstown. A gap of 200 ft. was broken in this dam by the pressure of the water, augmented by excessive rains.

Johnstown, with its suburbs, had a population of 30,000, most of whom, it is said, were workpeople from Europe, and 1500 of them from South Wales. The town had many frame-tenements; but it also had handsome brick blocks, a paved market-place, brick side-walks, a townhall, opera-house, sixteen churches, a public library, several banking institutions, and business houses of all kinds. It had five newspapers, four weekly and one daily. It was a busy and prosperous town,

and its suburbs extended a long distance up and down the water-side.

Below the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, on the north side of the Conemaugh, were the great works of the Cambria Iron Company; around and below them extended Millville; on the opposite side of the river for a mile or so lay Cambria City. Below Cambria, at a short distance, was Sheridan, another factory village. To the north-east, up the Conemaugh, Johnstown was joined by Conemaugh borough, Franklin and East Conemaugh in the next two miles up-stream. The side hill overlooking Johnstown from the north is Prospect; at its foot, surrounding a woollen-mill, flour-mill, and other manufactories, was Woodvale. It may be stated, in general, that Johnstown and all of the suburbs which lay on low land were destroyed by the flood on the fatal evening of May 31. Many persons were burnt to death among the ruins of the wooden houses that caught fire from an overturned stove in the mass of débris above the bridge.

Professor Archibald Geikie, of London, has been elected corresponding member of the Physical and Mathematical section of the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin.

A curious exhibition of the art and industries of Iceland has been opened in the rooms of the Royal Archaeological Institute, Oxford-circus, under the direction of Mrs. Eirikr Magnússon, a lady who, at the Health Exhibition at South Kensington, at Edinburgh, and elsewhere, has already done much to promote the sale of Icelandic work in this country.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE ON THE JOHNSTOWN FLATS.

THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE CONEMAUGH VALLEY, WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.



BURNING RUINS ABOVE THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE, JOHNSTOWN.



MAIN STREET OF JOHNSTOWN AFTER THE FLOOD.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Plays with a purpose continue. Ibsen, it would appear, has a mild rival in Holland who thinks it wise to use the stage for the discussion of grave social problems, and both Mr. Jack Grein and Mr. Jarvis deem it expedient to translate the Dutchman's view of the propriety or impropriety of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The result is a clever and painful little play called "A Man's Love," admirably acted by Mr. Leonard Boyne, Miss Mary Rorke, and Miss Gertrude Kingston at a recent *matinée* for the aid of distressed women. These artists are apparently of opinion that there is no recognised limit to the expression of their art—a very dangerous doctrine indeed, that has never been held from the days of the Greek dramatists down to to-day. The realistic craze is rapidly carrying us away with the tide. No one quite knows where it will stop. We are told that conventionality is old-fashioned; that the stage is to hold the mirror up not to nature, but to the depravity of the age in which we live. So at one theatre we hear a mother of three children calmly arguing that the cares of her offspring are a secondary consideration to that of her *self*; and we are summoned to a theatre on a warm afternoon in midsummer to behold innocent women and girls pained in a public theatre by the details of an illicit love between a married man and his wife's sister. It may be all very true; but, true or not, where are we to draw the line? The Greek tragedians thought that the grandest expression of grief was the pained and tear-stained face hidden in the toga. The masters of Greek art would not permit the barbarous side of tragedy to be expressed on the stage. Murder was committed behind the scenes. The hideousness of life was left to the imagination. It is not so now. Sardou, in the "Tosca," brings on to the stage, with gratuitous brutality and barbarism, the blood-stained wretch, reeking from the torture-chamber. Ibsen allows his unhealthy-minded Dr. Rank to discuss forbidden subjects with his friend's wife, and this new Dutch author, whoever he may be, illustrates with force, no doubt, but with conspicuous bad taste, the drama of sin that is being enacted in an apparently virtuous household.

Does it never occur to these Ibsenites and ultra-realists that in the interests of the stage they are killing the goose with the "golden eggs"? England has hitherto prided herself on a healthy stage. Fathers and brothers could take their wives and sisters there without hesitation or fear of annoyance. Now this cannot be the case any longer if these grave social questions are to be discussed before the innocent, and to be falsely labelled "amusement." All honour to the pure and energetic women who take interest in questions affecting the well-being of their sex and society at large; but they themselves would be the last to urge that they can be properly, or conveniently, debated in a public theatre to which the ignorant, the innocent, and the unscientific are freely invited. No one can call in question the moral that underlies such a play as "A Man's Love"; but many may very reasonably object to the manner in which it is discussed. It does not follow that every circumstance in our social system is fitted for illustration by art; nor is it needful that we should arrive at the truth by that form of realism that dangerously borders on suggestiveness. If the stage is really the mirror of the age, then society tolerates discussions and encourages illustrations that would have been voted tedious but a few years ago.

The Ibsenites, encouraged by the "success of curiosity" obtained by "A Doll's House," are seriously contemplating a production of "Ghosts," which, if permitted to be performed in public by the Lord Chamberlain, would certainly bring their card-house about their ears. It may be, from the point of view of social science, a very noble and edifying work; but it is wholly unfitted for the purposes of the stage, and would be voted intolerable by all who have the best interests of the stage at heart. The craze of the advanced Ibsenite is to extol woman at the expense of degraded and dissolute man. But they are wholly overstating their case. There are bad men as well as bad women in the world. But at the same time there are hundreds and thousands of good and pure women in the world who, conscious of man's chivalry at times of temptation and man's honour in time of need, who would cry shame on the pessimist who could quote Mrs. Ayling's husband in "Ghosts" as a type, and who would protest against the male sex being typically represented by the hero in "A Man's Love." Is there no woman who will stand forth to say a word in favour of the men who are still chivalrous and the husbands who are not wholly degraded?

It is a pity, for many reasons, that Mr. Robert Buchanan had not the time to put his strenuous objections to the new dramatic teaching in a proper dramatic form. Doubtless he will do so anon, for he understands the stage, and has never at any time degraded it or lowered it in the eyes of those who understand its social value as well as the necessary limitations of Art. Unfortunately, such a play as "The Old Home," coming as it does at this moment, does more harm than good. The new Vaudeville play was evidently not written as a dramatic counterblast; so, on the whole, it is a pity that the discussion was even indirectly touched upon. Besides, Mr. Buchanan has accidentally played into the hands of his enemies by reproducing, without much skill, the commonplace villain of the stage and the equally commonplace lay figure known as the "repentant Magdalen." The stage must no doubt be provided with villains and Magdalens, but they need not necessarily be of the stage stagey. Such concessions may very fairly be made to the opponents of ultra-conventionality, and it was doubly unfortunate in this case that the stage villain was acted wholly without subtlety or enlightenment. This Ibsen controversy will raise a howl against the military ruler of homes, who has the swagger of an ostler and the manners of an 'Arry; and it was a thousand pities he was ever reproduced at this unfortunate moment. He has added fuel to the artistic flame. But, on the other hand, there is much that is interesting and worth seeing in the new play. Mr. Thomas Thorne is in every way excellent as a good-hearted Colonial millionaire. His brother, Mr. Fred Thorne, is equally good as a grumpy but tender-hearted old merchant; and it would be worth walking many a mile to see Miss Winifred Emery as the gentle and lovable heroine of the simple story. We have no more natural actress on the stage than Miss Emery, and few as charming. Her clever husband, Mr. Cyril Maude, is the victim of circumstances. He has appeared once or twice, with considerable success, as a "Chappie" or a "Johnnie," or whatever the typical idiot of the day is called, and so it would appear as if he were doomed to reproduce these brainless boobies *ad infinitum*. They are bad enough in the street, the stalls, and the salon. But a little of them goes a very long way on the stage. Mr. Cyril Maude should henceforth refuse to play a "Chappie" or a "Johnnie." He would improve his artistic reputation and relieve the audience of an unmitigated nuisance. And Mr. Robert Buchanan should be the last man to pander to the silly eccentricity of the low sporting prints that dabble with theatricals. These creatures are not types of English life, and are not heard of outside the drinking bars of Fleet-street or the Strand. C. S.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The sweet pure breath of the morning breeze is upon me, the lights and shadows of a summer sky flicker around me—as, standing on the edge of the shining firth, I strain my eyes across its blue breadth of waters. And as I stand and gaze. I become conscious of a strong desire to know what lies on the far-off shore beyond them. Veiled in a luminous mist which has drifted in from seaward, it suggests, with its soft vague outlines and dreamy adumbrations, all kinds of fine possibilities. I think of curving bays, where the ripple plashes with a low sweet murmur on the sloping sands; I think of lofty promontories, where the blown trees tell of the stress of winter storms; I think of sheltered inlets in which the fisherman's boat lies, with its black hull safe up on the pebbly beach. And then I see, in fancy, the broad, green country spreading inland, dotted with villages and white church spires, and bounded by ranges of bold hills, with deep, dark masses of foliage nestling in their quiet hollows—but who knows what may not be on that Other Side? What haunted fairyland or bright Arcadia of woodland and pasture, of dell and dingle, of mossy orchard and blooming garden-croft, echoing, perhaps, with "the shrill pleasing sound of many pipes"? Is it not always so? Does not the mind always amuse itself with the fond illusion of the Other Side? Here—here gather the cloud, the gloom, and the omen; here are satiety and weariness; here we have seen, known, tasted of everything; here the red rose of hope has faded into the white rose of disappointment. But *there*—in that fresh, new world—what may we not expect? If we can but cross the waters, what shall we not discover—on the Other Side?

When we have reached the lower terraces of a mountain height, or the base even of one of those fair round hills which swell out of our English plains, graceful in its outline as the liberal bosom of a beautiful woman, we become conscious, I think, of a restless desire, an eager curiosity to know what this natural barrier conceals. Here be "woods green as any"; here be "all new delights, cool streams and wells, arbours o'er-grown with woodbine, caves, and dells"; here the lush grass grows ankle-deep in the moist meadows, and the sunshine spreads in waves of amber light over uplands prodigal of wine and oil; yet are we not content. We refuse to linger on the threshold of the Unknown; are as athirst to pass beyond it as ever was stout Cortez to launch his bark on the untraversed tracts of the great Pacific. It is the mystery of the Unknown, of the Possible, that attracts us; imagination taking possession of it, enriching it with landscape and seascape such as no man has ever seen, with graceful and gracious creatures such as no man has ever known; it is the magic, the enchantment, of the Other Side.

Did you ever try to imagine with what feelings, in the early days of geographical discovery, the traveller in a hitherto unexplored country would come upon some great inland lake, some high barrier of snow-clad peaks, and, halting to take breath as it were, would conjecture what might be in store for him on the Other Side? He might not always indulge in pleasurable anticipations. Sometimes his thoughts might rest on fierce tribes of savages, anthropophagi, perhaps, or monsters with "heads that do grow beneath their shoulders"; or on parched deserts, where the wayfarer, stricken by the heat, and maddened by thirst, might haply perish; or broad wastes of ice and snow, where death would not less surely claim its victim. Even such gloomy forecasts as these could not stifle his curiosity, or prevent him from penetrating to that Other Side. But I suspect that, generally, his expectations were widely different; that he dreamed of cities of gold, like that Manoa which beguiled the fancy of Raleigh—or of the beautiful valleys and flowing streams of the Earthly Paradise—or of that Fountain of Immortal Youth which Ponce De Leon sought in vain. As Pizarro marched on into the opulent provinces of Peru, persistently dazzled by the hope of more precious spoil than had yet rewarded his conquering sword, so do we in life go on from vision to vision, from one aspiration to another, from one ambition to another, always expecting, always credulous that we shall find what we want—though we cannot define, even to ourselves, what that want may be—on the Other Side.

How thankful should we feel, I think, that this Other Side exists, to nourish and maintain in us the divine gift of imagination, to widen the scope of our feelings, to extend the range of our thoughts, and to relieve us from the deadening pressure of facts and certainties! How we should rejoice that the world is not a flat, dull surface of uniformity; not a monotonous plane which the eye could embrace at a glance, with no room for the exercise of the fancy, no place for knight-errantry or chivalrous adventure! How thankful we should be for the broad rivers and the lofty mountain-summits—the Orinoco and the Mississippi, the Himalayas and the Alps; for the league-long lakes and the rolling seas, beyond which we can still locate our land of dreams; can find a dwelling-place for the phantoms of our brains; can create our Utopias and people them with visions! Yes; let us thank the Heavenly Powers for giving us the boon of that Other Side! W. H. D.-A.

Some earthquake shocks have been felt in the Little Rhondda Valley.

The Prince of Wales has sent 100 guineas to the Lord Mayor as a contribution to the fund in aid of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, and for the assistance of English patients seeking its services.

On July 1 the price of inland post-cards will be reduced. Stout cards will be sold in packets of ten for 6d., and thin cards in packets of ten for 5d. The prices of cards taken in less quantities and of reply cards will be in proportion.

Lord Herschell presided at the fifty-seventh annual festival of the United Law Clerks' Society, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on June 26. There was a large gathering of legal celebrities, the list of honorary stewards including every Q.C. of the highest position.

Miss Phyllis Broughton's action against Viscount Dangan for breach of promise of marriage remains in the list of causes for hearing. It is understood, however, that the case has virtually been settled on the terms that Lord Dangan shall pay £2500 to the plaintiff and all the costs.

Mr. Punch has been to Paris, and what the Autocrat of Humour saw on his triumphal progress thither, and in the lively French capital, especially gay just now with its Exposition and Eiffel Tower, are vividly portrayed—pen and pencil maintaining a well-sustained race—in an extra given (for the first time) with this week's *Punch*.

The elections which will take place next week in the Royal College of Surgeons will be the first in which voting-papers will be used, and the result is looked forward to with very much interest. There are three vacancies in the Council to be filled, and those engaged in the reform movement anxiously desire the election of Messrs. Tweedy, Lawson Tait, and Rivington.

Oxford has been full of visitors taking part in the Commemoration festivities. On June 24 the Philharmonic Society gave a concert in the Sheldonian Theatre, which was attended

by a fashionable audience. The procession of boats on the Isis which followed attracted thousands of spectators. There were also a garden-party at Wadham, a ball given by the Gridiron Club in the City Buildings, and balls at Magdalen and Wadham colleges. Next day's programme included a grand flower show in Trinity College Gardens in connection with the Royal Oxfordshire Horticultural Society, the camp athletic sports of the University Rifle Volunteer Corps at Headington Hill, a ball in the hall of Worcester College, and the Etonian Club ball in the Corn Exchange.

The ratepayers of Brentford have unanimously adopted the Free Libraries Acts.

In the Newington Sessions House on June 19 a handsome "loving cup" was presented to Sir Richard Wyatt, in recognition of his labours for eighteen years as Clerk of the Peace for Surrey. Sir William Hardman bore testimony to the great services rendered to the country by Sir Richard Wyatt, both as Clerk of the Peace and as Parliamentary Agent to the Treasury.

June 23 being Hospital Sunday, collections in aid of the Mansion House Fund were made in the churches and chapels of the metropolis. The Lord Mayor attended Divine service in Westminster Abbey in the morning, and in the afternoon he was present at St. Paul's Cathedral, where he received the Judges. In the places of worship of the Jewish community collections for the fund were also made on Saturday.

The department of implements in the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Windsor contained several exhibits particularly worthy of inspection. The largest of these was that of Mr. J. Harrison Carter, milling engineer, of Mark-lane, whose machinery is of very general interest, as it is used by owners of large estates, agricultural chemical manufacturers, manure merchants, corn and fodder grinders, and many other manufacturers, for disintegrating materials of almost every description. Mr. Carter had about a hundred tons of various materials at his stand, to grind during the week. The Coventry Machinists' Company, whose London establishment is on Holborn-viaduct, sent their latest patterns of improved bicycles and tricycles; Messrs. T. J. Syer and Co., some useful carpenters' tools for farm-work; and Mr. G. Cheaver, of Boston, his "Idiocathartes" water-filter. Among the leading exhibitors were Messrs. Sutton and Sons, the seed merchants, to whom the sowing of all the grass-seeds in the show-yard and the supply of the whole of the floral decorations, including the inside and outside of the Queen's and other pavilions, had been entrusted.

A number of guests assembled on June 24 at Lambeth Palace, by invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to meet Monsignor Sophronius, Archbishop of Cyprus, who is now on a visit to this country as the guest of the Cyprus Society, an association formed to promote education and hospital work in the island. Amongst the company were the Greek Archimandrite (Monsignor Plessas), General Sir Robert Biddulph, late High Commissioner of Cyprus, and Major-General Sir F. Goldsmid, President of the Educational Committee of the Cyprus Society. The Archbishop, in welcoming his Beatitude, alluded to the ancient and ecclesiastical associations connected with Cyprus, and spoke of the Cyprus Society as an organisation which was earnestly labouring for the benefit of the island. He urged that the best way to help the Eastern Churches was to promote the education of the clergy. Major-General Sir F. Goldsmid read an address of welcome on the part of the Cyprus Society, the main objects of which, he said, might be comprised under two heads—hospital and educational. Sir G. Bowen having also given an address of welcome in Greek, the Archbishop of Cyprus read a reply in Greek, and a vote of thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury closed the proceedings.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT WINDSOR.

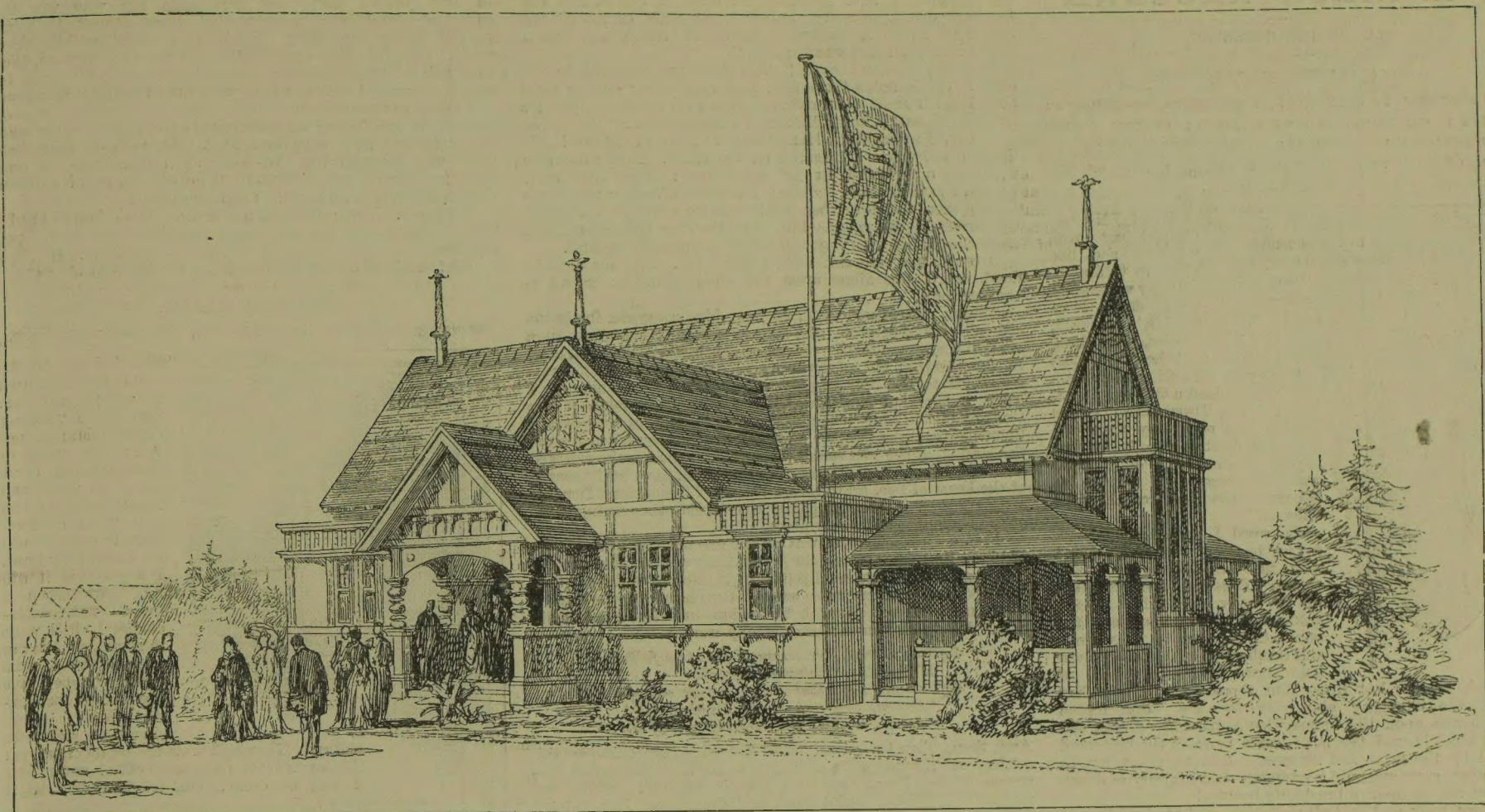
The Royal Agricultural Society of England, under the Presidency for this year of her Majesty the Queen, opened its annual meeting on Monday, June 24, at the Royal Borough of Windsor, and continued it during the week. The implements department of the show, with the working dairy, had been opened on Saturday, the 22nd, when it was visited by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with some of their family, inspected other departments, the show of cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and produce, on the Tuesday and following days; and the show was honoured by the presence of her Majesty on Thursday and Friday. This is the Jubilee year of the Society, the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of its Charter of Incorporation having been celebrated, on March 26, with a State banquet at St. James's Palace, given by the Queen, and presided over by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is acting President of the Society for this year. The present year's show at Windsor was by far the greatest and finest that has ever been held.

The Show-yard, having an extent of a little over 125 acres, was situated in Windsor Great Park, in an open sloping glade, surrounded by the woods of the park. It had been arranged by Mr. Wilson Bannison, surveyor to the Royal Agricultural Society. The entrance to the yard was a very handsome structure, first erected for the Newcastle Show, and used last year at Nottingham. On each side of the entrance were the seed stands and the exhibits of other miscellaneous agricultural articles; and next to these, on each side of the yard, was the machinery in motion. The breadth of the yard expanding from the entrance, five avenues of shedding, occupied by implements, seemed to branch out in fan-like form. The centre avenue led to the Queen's Pavilion, a handsome structure built in the middle of the show-ground. This building was the great architectural feature of the scene, having a frontage of 64 ft. and a depth of 54 ft. In the front was a fine porch, over which was a panel containing the Royal arms of England, handsomely executed. At the sides were verandahs from which her Majesty could obtain views of the show in every direction. The porch led into the hall, and the hall into a commodious reception-room, 24 ft. by 18 ft. There was also the luncheon-room, 26 ft. by 18 ft.; and, besides these, there were five other rooms, all luxuriously furnished by Messrs. Schoolbred and Co. The Queen's Pavilion was probably the finest building ever erected in any agricultural show-ground. Visitors will also have noticed the Royal box in the centre of the grand stand, surmounted by the Royal arms and the Royal standard of England, where, for the first time, the parades and judging could be witnessed by the Queen and Court.

The total length of shedding erected for the show was 50,069 ft., apportioned as follows:—horses, 8912 ft.; cattle, 12,953 ft.; sheep and pigs, 3978 ft.; implements, 10,803 ft.; machinery in motion, 2538 ft.; refreshments, 1634 ft.; special shedding, 2541 ft.; farm produce, 1200 ft.; herdsman's rooms, 1944 ft.; miscellaneous purposes, 3566 ft.; all covered with 170,000 square yards of white canvas, supplied by Mr. Unite.

The numbers of live stock entered for this show were—horses, 996; oxen or cattle, 1654 head; sheep, 1109 pens; pigs, 265 pens; poultry, 861 pens; this large display had been brought about by a prize list that is unprecedented in amount.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT WINDSOR.

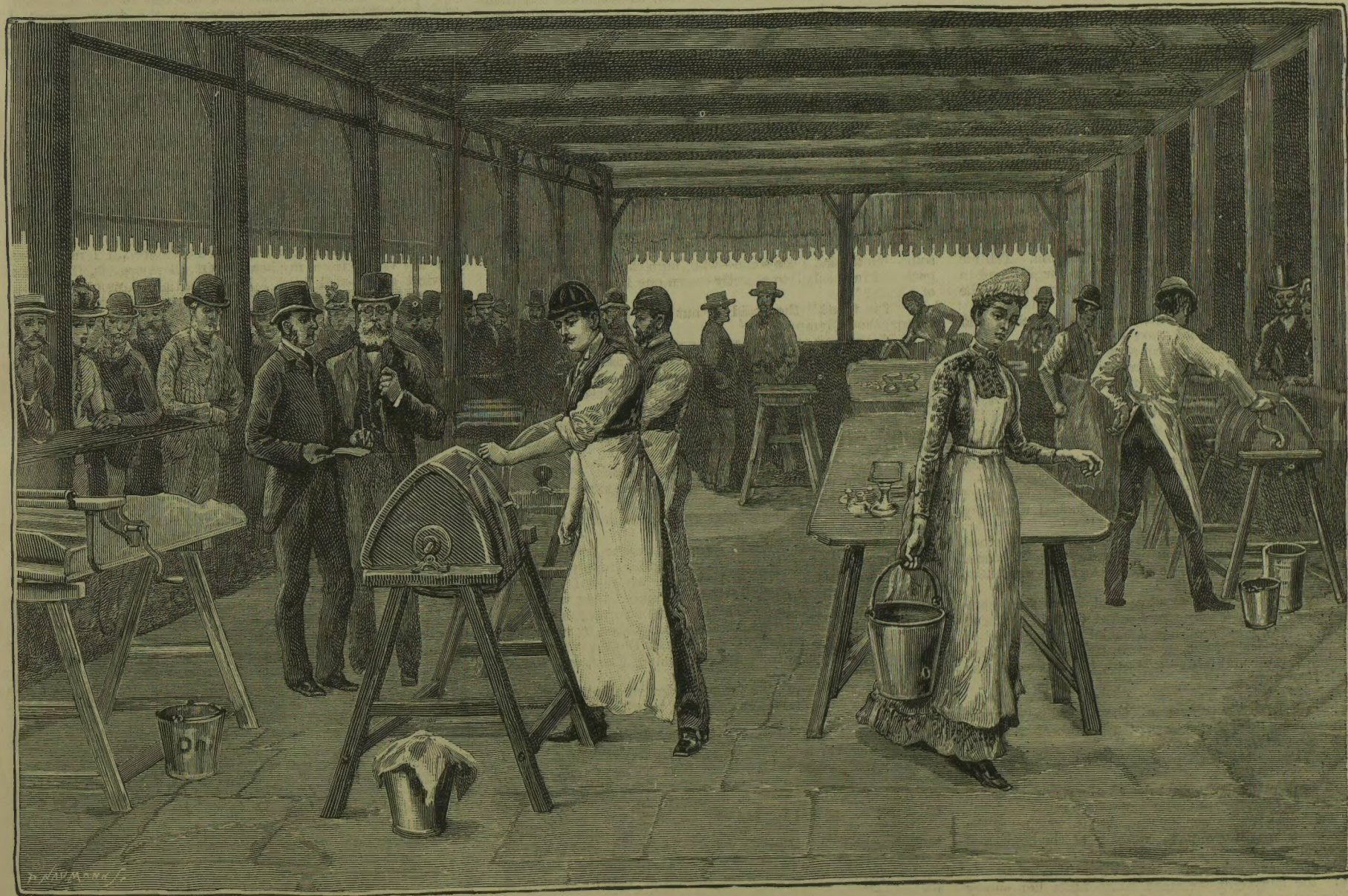


THE QUEEN'S PAVILION.

In addition to the £12,000 given by the Society for prizes, the Queen gave gold medals for the best stallions and mares exhibited, and for the best bred animals in the various cattle classes, and a gold medal for butter-making. The total value of prizes offered (including champion prizes and medals) was no less than £12,000, of which £5000 were contributed by the Mansion House Committee and £1000 by the Windsor Local Committee. Of the money given in prizes, £3000 went to horses, nearly £4000 to cattle, £2500 to sheep, £740 to pigs, and £334 to poultry; besides prizes for corn, wool, butter, cheese, cider, hops, fruits, honey and bee-hives, horse-shoeing, and other useful work. All prizes were open to general competition. Many visitors were attracted by the working dairy, and there was a butter-making competition for churnmakers

and vendors or their assistants, as well as a lecture and butter-making demonstration. On Monday the judges of live stock, poultry, and produce commenced making their awards at nine o'clock in the morning, dealing with the greatest collection of British farm-stock which has ever been held. Nearly all the large breeders of stock were represented, the Queen having four entries of horses, seventeen of cattle, and three of pigs, while the Prince of Wales had eleven entries of horses, thirteen of cattle, and eight of Southdown sheep. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, whose name appears as an exhibitor for the first time, sent four pens of pigs from Cumberland Lodge, and among the other exhibitors of horses are Prince Henry of Battenberg, who sends two ponies picked up in the Pyrenees during the Queen's recent visit to Biarritz. The general list

of exhibitors included the Dukes of Buccleuch, Cleveland, Hamilton, Marlborough, Northumberland, Portland, and Richmond; Lords Ashburton, Lonsborough, Londonderry, Northbrook, Radnor, Rothschild, Strathmore, and Zetland; Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her husband; the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who sent some sheep from Newmarket Heath; Mr. W. H. Smith, who exhibited some Jersey cattle from his Greenlands homestead; Mr. A. J. Balfour, whose Border Leicesters were successful in several classes; Sir Harry Verney, now the father of the Royal Agricultural Society; the Countesses of Aylesford and Camperdown; Messrs. Henry and Albert Brassey, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, Mr. Pierce Mahony, M.P., and a host of other breeders of stock, whose names are known throughout the country.



BUTTER-MAKING.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE FAREWELL OF CHARMION; OF THE DEATH OF CHARMION; OF THE DEATH OF THE OLD WIFE, ATOUA; OF THE COMING OF HARMACHIS TO ABOUTHIS; OF HIS CONFESSION IN THE HALL OF THE TWO-AND-THIRTY PILLARS; AND OF THE DECLARING OF THE DOOM OF HARMACHIS.



HARMION unclasped my arm, whereto she had clung in terror. "Thy vengeance, thou dark Harmachis," she said, in a hoarse voice, "is a thing hideous to behold! O lost Egypt, with all thy sins thou wast indeed a Queen! Come, aid me, Harmachis; let us stretch this poor clay upon the bed and deck it royally, so that it may give its dumb audience to the messengers of Caesar, as becomes the last of Egypt's Queens."

No word I spoke in answer, for my heart was very heavy, and now that all was done I was weary. Together, then, we lifted up the body and laid it on the golden bed. Charmion placed the uræus crown upon the ivory brow, and combed the night-dark hair that showed never a thread of

silver, and, for the last time, shut those eyes wherein had shone all the changing glories of the sea. She folded the chill hands upon the breast whence passion's breath had fled, and straightened the bent knees beneath the brodered robe, and by the head laid flowers. And there at length Cleopatra lay, more splendid now in her cold majesty of death than in her richest hour of breathing beauty!

We drew back and looked upon her, and on dead Iras at her feet.

"It is done!" quoth Charmion; "we are avenged, and now, Harmachis, dost follow by this same road?" And she nodded toward the phial on the board.

"Nay, Charmion. I fly—I fly to a heavier death! Not thus easily may I end my space of earthly penance."

"So be it, Harmachis! And I, Harmachis—I fly also, but with swifter wings. My game is played. I, too, have made atonement. Oh! what a bitter fate is mine: to have brought misery on all I love, and, in the end, to die unloved! To thee I have atoned; to my angered Gods I have atoned; and now I go to find a way whereby I may atone to Cleopatra in that Hell where she is, and which I must share! For she loved me well, Harmachis; and, now that she is dead, methinks that, after thee, I loved her best of all. So of her cup and the cup of Iras will I surely drink!" And she took the phial, and with a steady hand poured that which was left of the poison into the goblet.

"Bethink thee, Charmion," I said; "yet mayest thou live for many years, hiding these sorrows beneath the withered days."

"Yet may I live, but live I will not! To live the prey of so many memories, the fount of an undying shame that night by night, as I lie sleepless, shall well afresh from my sorrow-stricken heart!—to live torn by a love I cannot lose!—to stand alone like some storm-twisted tree, and, sighing day by day to the winds of heaven, gaze upon the desert of my life, while I wait the lingering lightning's stroke—nay, that will not I, Harmachis! Long since had I died, but I lived on to serve thee; now no more thou needest me, and I go. Oh, fare thee well!—for ever fare thee well! For no more shall I look upon thy face, and where I go thou goest not! For thou dost not love me who still dost love that Queenly woman thou hast hounded to the death! Her thou shalt never win, and thee I shall never win, and this is the bitter end of Fate! See, Harmachis: one boon I ask before I go, and for all time become naught to thee but a name and a memory of shame. Tell me that thou dost forgive me so far as thine it is to forgive, and in token thereof kiss me—with no lover's kiss, but kiss me on the brow, and bid me pass in peace."

And she drew near to me with arms outstretched and pitiful trembling lips, and gazed upon my face.

"Charmion," I answered, "free we are to act for good or evil, and yet methinks there is a Fate above our fate that, blowing from some strange shore, doth compel our little sails of purpose, set them as we will, and drive us to destruction. I forgive thee, Charmion, and by this kiss, the first and the last, my forgiveness do I seal." And with my lips I touched her brow.

She spoke no more; only for a little while she stood gazing on me with sad eyes. Then she lifted the goblet, and said—

"Royal Harmachis, in this deadly cup I pledge thee! Would that I had drunk thereof ere ever I looked upon thy face! Harmachis, for ever, fare thee well!"

She drank, cast down the cup, and for a moment stood with the wide eyes of one who looks for Death. Then He came, and she fell prone upon the floor dead. And for a moment more I stood alone with the dead.

I crept to the side of Cleopatra, and, now that none were left to see, I sat me down upon the bed and laid her head upon my knee, as once before it had been laid in that night of sacrilege beneath the shadow of the everlasting pyramid. Then I kissed her chill brow and went—avenged, but sorely smitten with despair!

"Physician," said the officer of the Guard as I went through the gates, "what passes yonder in the Monument? Methought I heard the sounds of death."

"Naught passes—all hath passed," I made reply, and went.

And as I went in the darkness I heard the sound of voices and the running of the feet of Caesar's messengers.

Flying swiftly to my house I found Atoua waiting at the gates. She drew me into a quiet chamber of the house and closed the doors.

"Is it done?" she asked, and turned her wrinkled face to mine, while the lamplight trembled white upon her snowy hair. "Nay, why ask? I—I know that it is done!"

"Aye, it is done, and well done, old wife! All are dead! Cleopatra, Iras, Charmion—all save myself!"

The aged woman drew up her bent form and cried, "Now let me go in peace, for I have seen my desire upon thy foes and the foes of Khem. La! la!—not in vain have I lived on beyond the years of man! I have seen my desire upon thy enemies—I have gathered the dews of death, and thy foe hath drunk thereof! Fallen is the brow of pride! the shame of Khem is level with the dust! Ah, would that I might have seen that wanton die!"

"Cease, woman! cease! The dead are gathered to the dead! Osiris holds them fast, and everlasting silence seals their lips! Pursue not the fallen great with insults! Up!—let us fly to Abouthis, that all may be accomplished!"

"Fly, Harmachis!—Harmachis, fly!—but I fly not! To this end only have I lingered on the earth. Now I do untie the knot of life and let my spirit free! Fare thee well, Prince, the pilgrimage is done! Harmachis, from a babe have I loved thee, and love thee yet!—but no more may I share thy griefs—I am spent. Isis, take thou my Spirit," and her trembling knees gave way and she sank upon the ground.

I ran to her side and looked upon her. She was already dead, and I was alone upon the earth without a friend to comfort me!

Then I turned and went, no man hindering me, for in the city all was confusion, and departed from Alexandria in a vessel I had made ready. On the eighth day, I landed, and, in the carrying out of my purpose, travelled on foot across the fields to the holy Shrines of Abouthis. And here, as I knew, in the Temple of the Divine Sethi the worship of the Gods had been lately set up again: for Charmion had caused Cleopatra to repent of her decree of vengeance and to restore the lands that she had seized, though the treasure she restored not. And the Temple having been purified, now, at the season of the Feast of Isis, all the High Priests of the ancient Temples of Egypt were gathered together to celebrate the coming home of the Gods into their holy place.

I gained the city. It was on the seventh day of the Feast of Isis. Even as I came the long array wended through the well-remembered streets. I joined myself to the multitude that followed, and with my voice swelled the chorus of the solemn chant as we passed through the pylons into the imperishable halls. How well known were the holy words:—

*"Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling
Within the Sanctuary Sevenfold;
Soft on the Dead that Liveth are we calling:
'Return, Osiris, from thy kingdom cold!
Return to them that worship thee of old!'"*

And, then, when the sacred music ceased, as aforetime on the setting of the majesty of Ra, the High Priest raised the statue of the living God and held it on high before the multitude. With a joyful shout of "Osiris! our hope, Osiris! Osiris!" the people tore the black wrappings from their dress, shewing the white robes beneath, and, as one man, bowed before the God.

Then they went to feast each at his home, but I stayed in the court of the Temple.

Presently a priest of the Temple drew near, and asked me of my business. And I answered him that I came from Alexandria, and would be led before the council of the High Priests, for I knew that the holy Priests were gathered together debating the tidings from Alexandria.

Thereon the man left, and the High Priests, hearing that I was from Alexandria, ordered that I should be led into their presence in the second Hall of Columns—and so I was led in. It was already dark, and between the great pillars were set lights, as on that night when I was crowned Pharaoh of the Upper and the Lower Land. There, too, was the long line of Dignitaries seated in their carven chairs, and taking counsel together. All was the same; the same cold images of Kings and Gods gazed with the same empty eyes from the everlasting walls. Aye, more; among those gathered there were five of the very men who, as leaders of the great plot, had sat here to see me crowned, being the only conspirators who had escaped the vengeance of Cleopatra and the clutching hand of Time.

I took my stand on the spot where once I had been crowned and made me ready for the last act of shame with such bitterness of heart as cannot be written.

"Why, 'tis the physician Olympus," said one. "He who lived a hermit in the Tombs of Tápé, and who but lately was of the household of Cleopatra. Is it, then, true that the Queen is dead by her own hand, Physician?"

"Yea, holy Sirs, I am that physician; also is Cleopatra dead by my hand."

"By thy hand? Why, how comes this?—though well is she dead, forsooth, the wicked wanton!"

"Your pardon, Sirs, and I will tell you all, for hither am I come to that end. Perchance among you there may be some—methinks, I see some—who, nigh eleven years ago, were gathered in this hall to secretly crown one Harmachis, Pharaoh of Khem?"

"'Tis true!" they said; "but how knowest thou these things, thou Olympus?"

"Of the rest of those seven-and-thirty Nobles," I went on, making no answer, "are two-and-thirty missing. Some are dead, as Amenemhat is dead; some are slain, as Sepa is slain; and some, perchance, yet labour as slaves within the mines, or live afar, fearing vengeance."

"It is so," they said; "alas! it is so. Harmachis the accused betrayed the plot, and sold himself to the wanton Cleopatra!"

"It is so," I went on, lifting up my head. "Harmachis betrayed the plot and sold himself to Cleopatra; and, holy Sirs—I am that Harmachis!"

The Priests and Dignitaries gazed astonished. Some rose and spoke; some said naught.

"I am that Harmachis! I am that traitor, trebly steeped in crime!—a traitor to my Gods, a traitor to my country, a traitor to my oath! Hither I come to say that I have done this. I have executed the Divine vengeance on her who ruined me and gave Egypt to the Roman; and now that, after years of toil and patient waiting, this is accomplished by my wisdom and the help of the angry Gods, behold I come with all my shame upon my head to declare the thing I am, and take the traitor's guerdon!"

"Mindest thou of the doom of him who hath broken the oath that may not be broken?" asked he who first had spoken, in heavy tones.

"I know it well," I answered; "I court that awful doom."

"Tell us more of this matter, thou who wast Harmachis." So, in cold, clear words, I laid bare all my shame, keeping back nothing. And ever as I spoke I saw their faces grow more hard, and knew that for me there was no mercy; nor did I ask it, nor had I asked could it have been granted.

When, at last, I had done, they put me aside while they took counsel, and then they drew me forth again, and the eldest among them, a man very old and venerable, the Priest of the Temple of the Divine Hatasu at Tápé, spake, in icy accents—

"Thou Harmachis, we have considered this matter. Thou

hast sinned the threefold deadly sin. On thy head lies the burden of the woe of Khem, this day enthralled of Rome. To Isis, the Mother Mystery, thou hast offered the deadly insult, and thy holy oath thou hast broken. For all of these sins there is, as well thou knowest, but one reward, and that reward is thine. Naught can it weigh in the balance of our justice that thou hast slain her who was thy cause of stumbling; naught that thou comest to name thyself the vilest thing which ever stood within these walls. On thee also must fall the curse of Menka-ra, thou false priest! thou forsworn patriot! thou Pharaoh shameful and discredited! Here, where we set the Double Crown upon thy head, do we doom thee to the doom! Go to thy dungeon and await the falling of its stroke! Go, remembering what thou mightest have been and what thou art, and may those Gods who through thy evil-doing shall perchance ere long cease to be worshipped within these holy Temples, give to thee that mercy which we deny! Lead him forth!"

So they took me and led me forth. With bowed head I went, looking not up, and yet I felt their eyes burn upon my face.

Oh! surely of all my shames this is the heaviest!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE LAST WRITING OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN.



HEY led me to the chamber that is high in the pylon tower, and here I wait my doom. I know not when the sword of Fate shall fall. Week grows to week, and month to month, and still it is delayed. Still it quivers unseen above my head. I know that it will fall, but when I know not. Perchance I shall wake in some dead hour of midnight to hear the stealthy steps of the slayers and be hurried forth. Perchance they are now

at hand. Then will come the secret chamber! the horror! the nameless coffin! and at last it will be done! Oh, let it come! let it come swiftly!

All is written; naught have I held back—my sin is sinned—my vengeance is finished! Now all things end in darkness and in ashes, and I prepare to face the terrors that are to come in other worlds than this. I go, but not without hope I go; for, though I see Her not, though no more She answers to my prayers, still I am aware of the Holy Isis, who is with me for evermore and whom yet I shall again behold face to face. And then at last in that far day I shall find forgiveness, then the burden of my guilt shall roll from me and innocency come back and wrap me round, bringing me holy peace.

Oh! dear land of Khem, as in a dream I see thee! I see Nation after Nation set its standard on thy shores, and its yoke upon thy neck! I see new Religions without end calling out their truths upon the banks of Sihor, and summoning thy people to their worship! I see thy Temples—thy holy Temples—crumbling in the dust; a wonder to the sight of men unborn, who shall peer into thy tombs and desecrate the great ones of thy glory! I see thy mysteries a mockery to the unlearned, and thy wisdom wasted like waters on the desert sands! I see the Roman Eagles stoop and perish, their beaks yet red with the blood of men, and the long lights dancing down the barbarian spears that follow in their wake! And then, at last, I see thee once more great, once more free, and having once more a knowledge of thy Gods—aye, thy Gods with a changed countenance, and called by other names, but still thy Gods!

The sun sinks over Abouthis. The red rays of Ra flame on temple roofs, upon green fields, and the wide waters of father Sihor. So as a child I watched him sink; just so his last kiss touched the further pylon's frowning brow; just that same shadow lay upon the tombs. All is unchanged! I—I only am changed—so changed, and yet the same!

Oh, Cleopatra! Cleopatra, thou Destroyer! if I might but tear thy vision from my heart! Of all my griefs, this is the heaviest grief—still must I love thee! Still must I hug this serpent to my heart! Still in my ears must ring that low laugh of triumph—the murmur of the falling fountain—the song—

[Here the writing on the third roll of papyrus abruptly ends. It would almost seem that the writer was at this moment broken in upon by those who came to lead him to his doom.]

THE END.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Our Next Number will contain the opening chapters of a New Story, entitled "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins, Illustrated by A. Forestier and G. Montbard.

A large nugget, weighing 336 oz., valued at £1360, has been found near Wedderburn, Victoria, Australia, by a young Austrian named Costa Olovich, who had only just arrived.

The report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the question of soldiers' dietary at home-stations has been issued. The commissioners find that the soldier's ration at home-stations, supplemented by a smaller sum than the authorised regimental mess contribution of fivepence a day, affords, under proper regimental arrangements, a sufficient diet; that the meat supplied is generally of good quality, though at some of the smaller stations it is occasionally not equal to the quality contracted for; that foreign meat loses unduly in the process of cooking; and that the ration bread is not of sufficiently good quality. They recommend that "medical officers and all young regimental officers should undergo a course of instruction as to the quality of the supplies, so that they may be able to decide whether the quality of the rations they are called upon to inspect is equal to the standard quality authorised for the troops. When a contractor supplies frozen meat he should give 10 per cent extra weight to make it equivalent to rations of home-killed meat. The ration bread should be made of the same quality of flour as the hospital bread." Among other recommendations are that there should be more attention to the cooking, with greater variety of meals.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"Oh, Cleopatra! Cleopatra, thou Destroyer! If I might but tear thy vision from my heart!"

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"Lohengrin" has been repeated, with the transference of the title-character to Mr. Barton McGuckin, who was to have sustained it a few weeks since, being his first appearance in the Italian version of the opera, the representations of the work in English by the Carl Rosa Company having included, on many occasions, Mr. McGuckin's highly-successful performance as Lohengrin. The delay in his appearance in the Italian version was caused, as explained at the time, by his having sprained his ankle; the character having been taken by Signor A. D'Andrade. In his recent performance, Mr. McGuckin displayed the same high merits as in his previous appearances in the English version of the opera. Madame Albani and Madame Fürsch-Madi were again, respectively, the Elsa and Ortruda, and other features of the cast were the same as before. A representation of "Les Huguenots" included the first appearance in London of Mdle. Toni Schläger, the leading prima donna of the Vienna Imperial Opera House. The lady, in her impersonation of Valentina, manifested high dramatic power and genuine earnestness of sentiment. She seemed also to possess good vocal qualities, her use of the vibrato having probably been largely due to the influence of nervousness. In the principal situations, the great duet with Marcello, the conspiracy scene, and the following grand duet with Raoul, Mdle. Schläger was especially successful; and there is little doubt that she will prove a valuable accession to the company. The bright and courtly music of Margherita di Valois in "Les Huguenots" was fluently rendered by Miss Ella Russell; and Madame Scalchi, as on many previous occasions, gave due effect to the songs of the page, Urbano. M. Jean De Reszké as Raoul sang grandly, and acted with impassioned earnestness, free from exaggeration. Scarcely has the part of Marcello been so finely rendered as by M. E. De Reszké on this occasion. The impressive music belonging to the stern old Huguenot soldier was splendidly sung. The chivalrous Count di Nevers found a worthy representative in Signor F. D'Andrade; M. Lassalle was excellent as the uncompromising Catholic noble, San Bris; and subordinate characters were sufficiently well filled. The augmented chorus was an important feature in the concerted music, especially in the great scene of the benediction of the poignards; and the rich orchestral details were adequately realised by the fine orchestra. Signor Mancinelli conducted. Following nights were occupied by repetition performances.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

In "Il Trovatore" Mdle. Dotti made her first appearance this season, and sustained the character of Leonora with vocal and histrionic ability worthy of the reputation she had previously gained on our Italian operatic stage. As Azucena, Madame Tremelli's fine voice and dramatic style were evidenced with the same success as in her former representations of the character; Signor Galassi was again an excellent Count di Luna, and M. Warmuth was earnest as Manrico. Signor Bevnigani conducted. Repetitions of favourite operas have lately prevailed, with casts mostly similar to those of recent occasions.

The Philharmonic Society closed its seventy-seventh season on June 22 with a far more successful result than has attended some previous seasons. The programme contained no absolute novelty; but was of strong and varied interest. Effective performances were given of well-known orchestral works, and the instrumental selection comprised two solos—Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise," Op. 22; and Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor; the pianist in the first having been M. De Pachmann, and the executant in the other Signorina Tna. Both works were admirably rendered, and the encore of each was replied to by playing shorter pieces. Fräulein Spies sang an air by Handel and lieder by Schumann and Giovanni, and was especially successful in each. Mr. Cowen conducted as usual—that is to say, with skill and care.

Mr. W. G. Cusins's annual concert has for some years been one of the specialties of our musical season, and again (on June 20) presented a programme of exceptional interest; several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists having co-operated with the concert-giver, whose skilful pianoforte playing was a feature of the occasion.

The grand festival performance of "Elijah" at the Crystal Palace took place on June 22, on a scale of magnitude similar to that of the famous triennial Handel Festivals. As on those occasions, the choral portions were the most effective—a natural result of the performances being given in so vast a space. The immense body of choristers assembled (numbering about 3000) produced a sublime effect in several instances, especially in the "Baal" choruses, the grand climax to the first part of the oratorio, "Thanks be to God" and "Be not afraid." The principal soloists were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Signor Foli; all of whom gave the best effect possible to their music under the conditions of the locality. Mr. Manns conducted with the same command over vast numbers that he has displayed at the great Handel Festivals in the same building.

The seventh Richter Concert of the present series (given in conjunction with the Wagner Society) calls for no detailed notice, having consisted entirely of music by Wagner, all of which had been before given and commented on.

Of the first of two concerts at St. James's Hall, given by Herr Emil Bach, the well-known pianist, and including the appearance of Madame Sembrich, the eminent prima-donna, we must speak later.

The eighth and last of the series of Sir Charles Hallé's Chamber Music Concerts at St. James's Hall was announced for June 23; with an excellent programme, although devoid of novelty calling for specific mention.

Recent announcements of miscellaneous concerts have included those of Mdle. Dufour, Madame Catherine Penna, Mrs. M. A. Carlisle, Señor Albinez (a second pianoforte recital), Mr. W. Ganz, Signor Tito Mattei, M. J. Hollander, Mr. De Manby Sergison, Mr. R. Blagrove, Miss Nellie and Kate Chaplin, Mr. J. M. Capel, the students of Trinity College, Miss Frederika B. Taylor, Mr. L. Emil Bach, and the first of two concerts by Mr. Max Heinrich on June 29, and Mr. John Thomas's grand harp concert on the same date.

Sir John Stainer, late organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, has been elected Professor of Music at the University of Oxford, in succession to the late Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley.

Festival performances have recently been given in Lincoln Cathedral, where Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed; followed, in the evening, by Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The principal solo vocalists engaged were Misses Anna Williams, H. Wilson, and A. Wilson, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. W. Mills. There was a full orchestra and a competent chorus, and Mr. Young—organist of the Cathedral—conducted. The successful result may probably lead to the establishment of regular periodical festivals at Lincoln.

The State concert to be given in honour of the Shah of Persia at the Royal Albert Hall on the evening of July 5,

promises a programme of varied musical interest, including performances by distinguished solo vocalists, the choir and orchestra of the Royal Choral Society, and the united bands of the Household Brigade, conducted by Mr. Barnby. The date fixed rather unfortunately clashes with that long previously settled for the production of Verdi's "Otello" at the Lyceum Theatre.

The London County Council on June 21 considered the report of the Corporate Property, Charities, and Endowments Committee with regard to the City Livery Companies. Lord Hobhouse moved that the Government be requested to introduce into Parliament a Bill to carry into effect the reforms contemplated by the Royal Commissioners of 1880, with reference to these companies, and this was carried.

The Royal Female School of Art held, on June 21, a conversation in their premises in Queen-square, Bloomsbury. Every available room was crowded, and in the large studio refreshments were dispensed, under the pleasant guise of a café chantant. The school has been established some thirty years, the women students being taught by women teachers, and it ranks, under the admirable direction of the principal, Miss Gaun, as one of the most successful in the kingdom. The Royal family have always taken great interest in it, and in the Jubilee year the Queen graciously permitted the addition of the word "Royal."

The annual general meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain was held on June 19, in Willis's Rooms. The Duke of Norfolk, the president of the union, was in the chair, and there was a good attendance of members. The report, which gives an account of the operations of the society during the past year, was adopted, and the treasurers and auditors were re-elected. In the course of the proceedings the meeting was addressed by the Bishop of Emmaus, Colonel Lenox Prendergast, Sir Charles Clifford, the Very Rev. Dr. Graham, Mr. T. W. Allies, Mr. C. Kent, Mr. John Young, Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, and Mr. W. S. Lilly.

The annual show of the Norfolk Agricultural Society took place at Swaffham on June 19 in fine weather. The entries of cattle numbered 150, which is a decrease of 15 from last year, and the horses, which numbered 270, show a decrease of 80. There were 110 sheep, being a decrease of 40, and 31 pigs, against 31 last year. The implements numbered 700, against 703 last year. Among the principal successful exhibitors were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Hastings, Mr. Amherst, M.P., and Mr. Coleman, M.P. Mr. Anthony Hammond, president of the society, presided at the luncheon, supported by the local members of Parliament.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN JULY.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Saturn during the evening hours of the 1st. The Moon sets at 10h 25m p.m. She is near Jupiter on the 11th, being to the left of the planet; Jupiter is due south, or on the meridian, at 10h 45m p.m., and the Moon 25 minutes later. She is near Venus on the mornings of the 23rd and 24th, being to the right of the planet on the 23rd and to the left on the 24th. She is near Mercury on the 26th, and near Saturn a second time this month on the 29th. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter	on the 6th at 59 minutes after	5h in the morning.
Full Moon	" 12th " 2 "	9 " afternoon.
Last Quarter	" 19th " 45 "	7 " afternoon.
New Moon	" 27th " 1 "	midnight.

She is nearest the Earth on the morning of the 12th, and most distant on the afternoon of the 24th.

Mercury is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 3h 11m a.m., or 38 minutes before sunrise; on the 6th at 2h 52m a.m., or 1h 1m before the Sun; on the 11th at 2h 28m a.m., or 1h 30m before the Sun; on the 16th at 2h 36m a.m., or 1h 27m before sunrise; on the 21st at 2h 43m a.m., or 1h 26m before sunrise; on the 26th at 3h 2m a.m., or 1h 13m before sunrise; and on the 31st at 3h 32m a.m., or 52 minutes before the Sun. He is at his greatest western elongation (20 deg. 37 min.) on the 12th, in ascending node on the 24th, near the Moon on the 26th, near Mars on the 28th, and in perihelion on the same day.

Venus is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 1h 28m a.m., on the 10th at 1h 15m a.m., on the 20th at 1h 4m a.m., and on the 30th at 1h 0m a.m. She is at her greatest western elongation (45 deg. 38 min.) on the 10th, and near the Moon on the 23rd.

Mars rises on the 1st at 3h 26m a.m.; on the 9th at 3h 20m a.m., or 36 minutes before sunrise; on the 19th at 3h 14m a.m., or 52 minutes before sunrise; and on the 29th at 3h 10m a.m., or 1h 11m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 26th.

Jupiter is due south on the 1st at 11h 30m p.m., on the 15th at 10h 28m p.m., and on the 30th at 9h 23m p.m. He sets on the 1st at 3h 32m a.m., or 17 minutes before sunrise; on the 10th at 2h 48m a.m., or 1h 9m before sunrise; on the 20th at 2h 4m a.m., or 2h 4m before sunrise; and on the 30th at 1h 21m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 11th.

Saturn is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 10h 16m p.m., or 1h 59m after sunset; on the 10th at 9h 42m p.m., or 1h 28m after sunset; on the 20th at 9h 6m p.m., or 1h 2m after sunset; and on the 30th at 8h 29m p.m., or 40 minutes after sunset. He is near the Moon on the 1st, and again on the 29th.

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THE

SUMMER

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OBITUARY.

SIR JAMES FALSHAW, BART.

Sir James Falshaw, Bart., died at his residence, 14, Belgrave crescent, Edinburgh, on June 13, aged seventy-nine. He was a civil engineer, an Associate of the Institution of Civil Engineers in London, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. After many years engaged professionally in the construction of several of the largest railway works in England and Scotland, he retired from business in 1858, joined the Town Council of Edinburgh, and became a Magistrate. In 1874, he was chosen to be Lord Provost, and during his term of office received the distinction of a baronetcy in 1876. He married first, in 1841, Anne, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Morkill, of Astley, near Leeds, which lady died in 1864; and secondly, Jan. 18, 1871, Jane, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Gibbs, of Springbank, Upper Norwood, but had no issue. The title becomes extinct. Sir James was son of Mr. William Falshaw, merchant in Leeds, and descended from a yeoman family in the parish of Coverham, North Riding of Yorkshire.

SIR EDWARD DENNY, BART.

Sir Edward Denny, fourth Baronet of Tralee, in the county of Kerry, died at 31, The Grove, Boltons, on June 13, aged ninety-two, the representative of a very distinguished family, descended from Sir Anthony Denny, Groom of the Stole, one of King Henry VIII.'s executors, and one of the guardians of King Edward VI. Settled in the county of Kerry temp. Queen Elizabeth, the Dennys of Tralee Castle have for many generations held a high position in Ireland. The baronetcy was given in 1782. Sir Edward was eldest son of Sir Edward Denny, third Bart., by Elizabeth, his wife, only child of the Hon. Robert Day, Judge of the King's Bench in Ireland. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, succeeded to the title in 1831, and served as High Sheriff of Kerry in 1827. His successor is his nephew, now Sir Robert Arthur Denny, fifth Baronet, formerly in the 22nd Regiment, born in 1838, and married, in 1872, to Jane, daughter of Mr. T. Kirton.

SIR THOMAS HURDLE, K.C.B.

Major-General Sir Thomas Hurdle, K.C.B., late Colonel Commandant Royal Marines, died on June 7, in his ninety-third year. He entered the Army in 1812, became Captain in 1840, Major in 1846, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1853, Colonel in 1854, and Major-General, retired on full pay, in 1859. He served at the attack on the forts and harbour of Courageaux, in 1815; at the Battle of Navarino, in 1827; and during the Revolutionary War in Greece, in 1828. He commanded the Brigade of the Royal Marines in the Crimea, including the Battle of Balaclava and the siege and fall of Sebastopol, in 1854-5, and commanded the 2nd Brigade of the army at the surrender of Kinbourn. He was rewarded with two medals with clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, and the third class of the Medjidieh, and was made an officer of the Legion of Honour, and an Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. He received the decoration of C.B. in 1855, and was promoted to K.C.B. in 1877.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain Charles Berners Jarrett, late 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, at Winchester, on June 17, aged fifty.

Dr. Crombie, Professor of Biblical Criticism in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's University, at St. Andrew's, on June 19.

The Rev. Thomas Eaton, M.A., Canon of Chester Cathedral, and the oldest clergyman in that diocese, on June 17, at his residence, West Kirby Rectory, aged eighty-six years.

Lady Evans (Mary), wife of Sir Thomas William Evans, first Baronet, late M.P. for Derbyshire, and eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas John Gisborne, of Holme Hall, near Bakewell, on June 15, at 2, Queen Anne's-gate, Westminster.

Mr. Turner Arthur Macan, of Carrif, in the county of Armagh, and of Elstow Lodge, Bedfordshire, on June 15, aged sixty-three. He was a Justice of the Peace for Beds, and formerly Lieutenant 17th Foot.

Lieutenant-Colonel Barton Parker Browne, formerly of the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, of Canonsleigh Abbey, Devon, one of the last of the Waterloo officers, on June 16 (the anniversary of Quatre Bras), at his residence, 12, The Circus, Bath, aged ninety-two.

Mr. Frederick Charles Berry, C.I.E., Political Agent at Raipur, of cholera. He was son of the late Major H. A. Berry, was educated at Ushaw College, Durham, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1873. He was Political Agent at Bhawanipatna from 1882 to 1887, when he was transferred to Raipur.

Mr. Richard Longfield, J.P., D.L., Longuerville House, Mallow, at his residence, on June 19, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Longfield was proprietor of extensive estates. He was held in high esteem by his many tenants and labourers, for the education of whose children he established and maintained a school. Mr. Longfield sat in Parliament as the representative of the county of Cork in the Conservative interest for some years.

The Rev. Frederic Charles Cook, Canon of Exeter, on June 22. He was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1828, being in the first class of the classical tripos. He was ordained deacon in 1839, priest in 1840, and in 1864 he was appointed Canon-Resident of Exeter Cathedral and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, the appointment of Chaplain to the Bishop of London following in 1869. In 1872 he was appointed Precentor of Exeter Cathedral, and has acted for some time as one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Canon Cook was nearly eighty years of age, and for some time past had retired from active duty.

Mr. William Henry Bristow, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and late senior director of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, on June 14, at the age of seventy-two. In 1842 he was appointed a member of the staff of the Ordnance Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, of which, thirty years later, he became senior director. Mr. Bristow published various works on mineralogy and geology, besides editing and revising the English translation of Figuier's "World before the Deluge," and translating and editing Simonin's "La Vie Souterraine." He was also the author of the mineralogical articles in Brande's "Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art," and of articles on minerals and rocks in Ure's "Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines." He had been a Fellow of the Geological Society since 1843, of the Royal Society since 1862, and an honorary Fellow of King's College, London, since 1863. He had also received the diploma of the Imperial Geological Institute of Vienna, and from the King of Italy the diploma and insignia of an officer of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE TONGUE AND SPEECH.

Last year, when strolling through that most notable of picture galleries at The Hague, I took a welcome siesta in front of that striking picture of Rembrandt's "The Lesson in Anatomy." Doubtless the picture has a gruesome look to the non-scientific mind; but as a representation of a dissertation on the bodily structure, such as was given in the olden days, it has, of course, no rival. Standing out prominently amid the lights and shades of that valuable canvas, one figure arrests the attention of the spectator. It is the professor or demonstrator who is expounding the structure of the dead body to his audience. For a while, I puzzled myself where I had met with the name of the learned Dr. Nicolas Tulp, of Amsterdam, whom Rembrandt has thus immortalised in his picture. A retrospective mental glance served however, to fix the source of my impression. I had been diving into the literature of that most curious topic, the tongue in relation to speech, and had met with a reference to a notable work whereof the worthy Tulp was the author. He was born in 1593, and died in 1674, and, by all accounts, was a man learned in medicine and surgery, and esteemed as a good citizen and patriot as well. Four times was he elected Burgomaster of his well-beloved Amsterdam; and we learn, moreover, that when certain weak souls counselled that the city of the dykes should be handed over to Louis XIV., Tulp was one of the foremost in advising a patriotic resistance to the proposal. For full fifty years, we learn, Tulp practised medicine in his city. As was usual with a man of acute observation, he contrived to place on record not a few of the curious experiences he met with in the course of his practice. For example, in 1652, Dr. Tulp published at Amsterdam a work entitled "Observationes Medice," and in the course of this treatise we find him relating a case of interest in connection with the tongue in its relation to speech. It had been hotly debated whether or not the "unruly member" was absolutely necessary for speech. Tulp's opportunity of contributing to the elucidation of this question arrived with his observation of a case in which a man's tongue had been removed, and in whom, therefore, the facts of its relation to articulation could be conveniently studied.

The man was called Joannes the Dumb. He lived at Weesp, a town about eight miles from Amsterdam, and now celebrated for its great cocoa works. It seems that in one of his voyages Joannes had fallen into the clutches of pirates, who, imbued with proselytising desires, sought to make him embrace the Mohammedan faith. But the Dutch courage was strong, and the Dutch nature stubborn. Joannes resisted the polite request by way of punishing him for his non-appreciation of the piratical offer. He returned to Holland, and was unable to speak. But, some three years after his return, Joannes received another severe mental shock in the shape of a flash of lightning, which unexpectedly disturbed and alarmed him. The result of this shock was the literal loosening of his hitherto absent powers of speech. Naturally the incident was bruited abroad as a wonder, and Dr. Tulp proceeded to Weesp as a student of science determined to investigate the matter to its end. There was no doubt whatever that Joannes the Dumb had recovered his power of speaking. Dr. Tulp tells us there had been mutilation of half his tongue, and that, notwithstanding this defect, the dumb man spoke, and accurately pronounced "one and all the consonants, the enunciation of which," adds Tulp, "is attributed by the most sagacious investigators of Nature to the tip of the tongue alone." The recovery of the power of speech was, probably, correctly enough interpreted by Tulp. One mental shock may deprive us of speech, just as a second shock may loosen the recalcitrant function and set the mental machinery in operation once more. Apart from this latter point, however, no doubt remains regarding Dr. Tulp's observations, and Joannes the Dumb remains on the page of history as one case notable in the series of allied experiences of science.

Later on, in 1718, M. De Jussieu published, in the Transactions of the French Academy of Sciences, the case of a Portuguese girl, who, although born *minus* a tongue, spoke distinctly and easily, although there were certain consonants, such as c, f, g, l, n, r, and others, which were pronounced with some amount of inconvenience. Then comes the case of one Margaret Cutting, of Wickham Market, in Suffolk, who having lost her tongue as a result of some affection or other of the organ, could nevertheless pronounce "letters and syllables very articulately" (*sic*)—a fact testified to by three worthy persons, one Benjamin Boddington, Turkey merchant; William Notcutt, a minister; and William Hammond, an apothecary. The case of Margaret Cutting has the honour to figure twice in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, the first of these accounts having been read in 1742. Miss Cutting herself testifies in a letter to her ability and happiness at being able to speak perfectly; and one might have been gallant enough, had the times and days been nearer our own, to have congratulated her on the power of exercising a feminine privilege despite the untoward accident which had deprived her of the organ of speech.

Readers of that most useful little text-book, Huxley's "Physiology," will recollect that the learned author describes in detail certain recent cases in which, in the absence of the tongue, the power of speech has been, on the whole, well exercised. Mr. Nunneley, the famous surgeon of Leeds, gave an account of a case in which his advice was sought in 1861. The subject of this memoir, whose tongue had been removed for disease, was keeping a public-house in Wakefield in the year just named, and Mr. Nunneley remarks of his speech, that "casual observers would only suppose he had some little impediment in his articulation." Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Huxley, and others saw the subject of Mr. Nunneley's memoir. All the letters of the alphabet were distinctly repeated to Sir Charles Lyell, although, curiously enough, the word "Leeds" was pronounced with difficulty. Mr. Huxley found that this man could not pronounce "l's" and "d's" initial and final. Thus "tin" he pronounced "fin"; "toll," "pool"; "dog," "shog"; "dine," "vine." The letters t and d, Mr. Huxley adds, require the tip of the tongue to be brought well up to the teeth in front of the palate, and in this case, such an act was, of course, impossible. Again, consonants, such as "v" and "z," were given imperfectly because for their correct pronunciation the tongue must be in contact with the front part of the palate. It was also curious to observe that all the sounds made when the tongue is brought in contact with the hinder part of the palate were correctly rendered by Mr. Nunneley's patient, with the exception of the final "g." Mr. Huxley explains this on the ground that, "for a good final 'g,' the cavity of the back part of the mouth must be completely stopped by the tongue." These curious cases open up for us a new view regarding speech.

They may also serve to remind us explicitly that speech even more truly is in its essence a brain-act; and that even given a perfect tongue, we are unable to exercise it unless the brain's health and vigour are intact. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W SHAW (Montreal).—We have sent your address to our correspondent, but fear he has already made an arrangement. Thanks for the information.

A BRECHER (Bruges).—Your better plan is to order direct from the Publisher, 129, Strand, London, W.C.

S L BURGESS (St. Louis).—Since Mr. Staunton wrote the "Handbook," the openings have undergone an enormous amount of analysis, and many judgments of his day have been reversed. Amongst such is the one you quote, and Mr. Judd adopted what theorists now believe to be the best moves for Black, 1f 6 Q to B 3rd, White gets a very strong attack by 7. B takes K B P (ch), &c.

II COSROY.—Your problem unfortunately admits of a second solution, thus: 1. R to K 6th (ch), P takes R (best); 2. K to Kt 4th, P moves; 3. Kt mates.

W BARRETT.—Your problem is very neat, but lacks force for a mate in two moves. Why not turn it into one in three moves?

MRS W J BAIRD.—Thanks for the problem; the last was very neat.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2356 received from Bingham, M A, Eyre, W H Reed (Liverpool), and John G Grant; of No. 2357 from Mrs Wilson, Bingham, W H Reed, and Charles Worrall.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2358 received from E Louden, Charles Worrall, Bernard Reynolds, R F N Banks, W R Railton, R Worters (Canterbury), Howard A T Roberts, Jupiter Junior, J Dixon, J Ross (Whitley), A Newman, Thomas Chown, R H Brooks, Alpha, E Casella (Paris), N Harris, Dr F St, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Mrs Wilson, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Ruby Rook, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), E E H, G J Veale, Dawn, Martin F, Shadforth, Bingham, J Coad, W Cleveland, and J H Vickers (Newcastle).

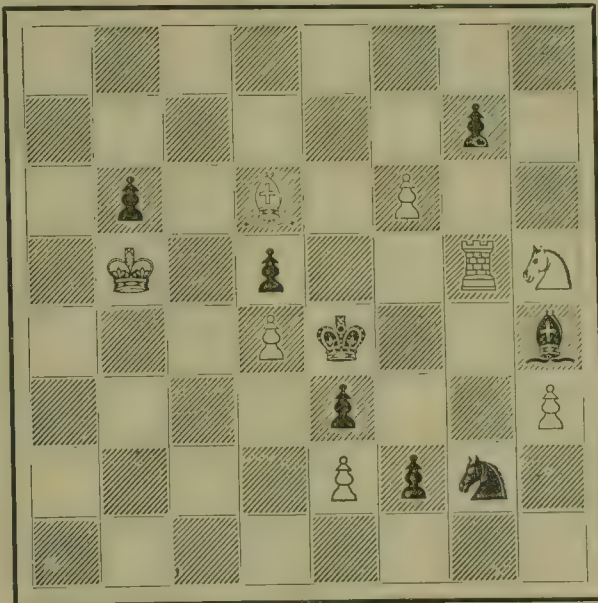
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2356.—By W. HEITZMAN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q sq. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2360.

By G. C. HEYWOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.
Game played between MESSRS. POLLOCK and BURILLE.
(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Weak, Kt to Kt 5th should have been played when there seems to be nothing better than Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt, and Black's game is considerably relieved.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	13. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. B to B 4th	Kt takes P	14. P to B 4	
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	Mr. Pollock now forces the game with his usual vigour.	
5. Kt takes P	P to Q 4th	15. P to K B 5th	B takes Kt
6. Q to K 2nd	B to K 3rd	16. P to B 5th	Q to B 2nd
This B is badly posted; B to K 2nd would enable Black to develop his game. Suppose B to K 2nd, B to Kt 3rd Castles, Castles, P to B 4th, with a free opening.		17. B P takes B	B takes P (ch)
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	After this, nothing can save Black's game.	
8. P to Q 4th	B to Q 3rd	18. K to R sq	P to B 3rd
9. Castles	Castles	19. B takes P	Q to B 5th
10. B to Kt 5th	K R to K sq.	20. B to K 5th	Resigns.
11. P to B 4th			
White has now a strong position with the Kt defended by the two Pawns.			
12. Q to B 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd		
	Kt to K 5th		

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Mr. J. H. BLACKBURN and Professor NEWCOMB, of Washington, at Baltimore. Notes by Professor Newcomb.
(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	R to B sq would have been better.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt to Q B 3rd	Castles
3. B to B 4th	Kt to Q B 4th	18. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	The Kt is now badly posted; he had better have gone to Kt 3rd or Q B 3rd.	
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to Q R 4th	19. Q R to Q sq	B to Q R 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	White threatened to post his Kt at Q 5th, where he would have proved a troublesome customer; but Black now sacrifices a great deal to get rid of him.	
7. Castles	B to Kt 3rd	20. R to K 2nd	B takes Kt
8. P takes P	P to Q 3rd	21. Q takes B	Q R to Q B sq
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	22. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
10. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd	23. Q R to K sq	P to Kt 3rd
K to B sq is now considered Black's best move to this point.		24. P to K R 3rd	R to Q B 2nd
11. P to K 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	25. P to Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd
If P takes P, White could reply 12. R to K sq, followed by P to Q 5th, with a fine attacking position.		26. P to Q 5th	K R to Q B sq
12. B to K Kt 5th		27. R to K 7th	Q to Q R 5th
B to R 3rd looks stronger.		Black would have had better winning chances by exchanging his Q for two Rooks.	
13. Q B takes Kt	P to K R 3rd	28. Q to Kt 3rd	Q takes Q
This move lets Black escape from his confined position. A more attacking line of play was: 13. P to K 6th, P takes P; 14. Q B takes Kt, Q takes B; 15. P to Q 5th, Kt to K 4th; 16. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt, &c.		29. P takes Q	R takes R
13. Q Kt takes B	P takes P	The attack on which Black now enters yields him nothing, and White easily secures a draw.	
14. P takes P	B takes B	30. R takes R	R to Q B 6th
15. R to K sq	P to Q R 3rd	31. Kt to Q 2nd	R to Q 6th
16. Kt takes B		32. Kt to K 4th	R takes Q Kt P
		33. Kt takes Q P	Drawn.

Chess Lexicon. By J. H. BAUER (Vienna, 1889).—This is a very elaborate compilation, suggestive, indeed, of a table of logarithms, by means of which a reference can be made to over 2000 recorded games in the various openings played by the great masters since the beginning of the century. There can be traced by its aid, for instance, the occasions on which any variation in any opening has been used in first-class play, although we think the author has relied too much on German literature to make this thoroughly useful for the students of other countries. A secondary use of the book is for reporting the results of a game in a very condensed form, a series of seven figures giving the information which side had won, and the first fifteen moves of the game. Altogether, the arrangement is very ingenious, and reflects great credit on the composer; but we fear it is too intricate to gain a place in popular favour.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, Governor of Victoria, has been appointed Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, in succession to Sir Hercules Robinson.

The Benchers of Gray's Inn have awarded to Mr. William Muir the "Bacon Scholarship" of £45 per annum, tenable for two years; to Mr. T. Bailey Clegg the Holt Scholarship, tenable for two years; to Mr. William Henry Cromie the Lee Prize of £25; and a second prize of £10 10s. to Mr. Ivor Bowen; a studentship in Jurisprudence and Roman Law of 100 guineas for two years to Mr. William Henry Cromie, and a like studentship for one year to Mr. John Anderson.

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Neither on land nor sea, anywhere in the world, certainly nowhere under the British flag, is life "all beer and skittles." Yet we had the pleasure, a few weeks ago, of presenting, among our Sketches of life in the Royal Navy, one of the hearty and harmless amusement that is often enjoyed, on a Saturday afternoon, by the brave young fellows who form the crews of her Majesty's ships. This is a wise and humane indulgence, when circumstances permit, which must usually be the case while lying in harbour in these "piping times of peace." The Jack Tar, if he still condescends to be so called, who serves Queen Victoria and is ready to fight for her Crown and dignity, will not, under present regulations, be the victim of an injudicious severity, whereby "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Nor are the young gentlemen qualifying for superior rank, the Naval Cadets and junior officers, constrained entirely to renounce the lively pastimes of the school play-ground, though a narrow deck would seem to be an inconvenient substitute for the grassy meadow. Cricket, we are told, may still be practised, with the aid of nets to catch the ball, even on board ship; and here is a game of hockey. Lawn-tennis and bowls must be equally feasible; and we cannot doubt the benefit of such active social recreation.

IN A CITY GARDEN.

A City garden! The words placed in such close juxtaposition appear incongruous. Town-gardening, it is true, has been much talked about of late years; but the term appears applicable more especially to suburban gardens or to such "household horticulture" as window or indoor gardening. It is not a City garden of this class; no, it is a veritable garden, well planted with many and various flowers, shrubs, and trees, and situate in one of the busiest and most interesting parts of London. We might truly call it a *rus in urbe* if it were not that the term is applied to every square foot of ground that will grow anything within the City gates. It is a real garden; known to many hundreds of the dwellers in the mighty metropolis, but probably unknown to as many thousands. This garden, this little-known garden we were almost saying, is the long strip of ground that runs round three sides of the Tower of London, and which forms the upper part of the moat banks. On this glorious summer's day, blessed with real summer weather, walking beneath the shade of various trees, having many different flowers around us, looking across the gravelly moat at the grim, grey, massive walls, the distracting roar of traffic which has been deafening us falls away, and we might, both for the novelty of our surroundings and the absence of noise, be far from the hubbub of the modern Babylon—away from the great centre of noisy getting and spending.

Entering the garden at its narrowest point, by the Great Tower-hill entrance, we find ourselves on a gravel walk, with a narrow border on our right, between us and the top layer of stones of the moat-wall. On our left is a border, that, as we walk on, becomes wider and steeper until its height precludes us from getting any sight of the busy life passing along Trinity-square above. As we pass along this path we cannot but be struck by the variety of trees that are growing, and, by the size they have attained, apparently flourishing. There are many good elm, ash, plane, poplar, laburnum, and thorn trees; there are shrubs, too, of various kinds, both flowering and evergreen. Here is a rhododendron, with its bunches of pink blossom; there is the hardy euonymus, true town-plant, that will often grow where other shrubs have failed; while privets, elders, and lilacs are disposed about the steep border. In parts this bank has been formed into a rough rockwork, and is planted with ivy, virginia-creeper, and ferns. The borders have many different flowers flourishing in them—sweetwilliams, larkspurs, lilies, virginian stock; in the crevices between the stones on the top of the moat wall, marigolds and wallflowers find slight, but apparently sufficient, sustenance, and are flowering freely.

Our attention is drawn from the flowers around by hearing unexpected cries of "Out!" "Not out!" "Yes: it was out!"—cries as apparently foreign to the City as the flowers we have been admiring. Down on the gravelly bottom of the moat are some half-dozen boys earnestly engaged in the national pastime of cricket. Man—especially in youth—is an adaptive animal, and the boys appear to be getting on well enough without the close-grown turf proper to the game, and despite the loose gravel on which their stumps are pitched; they are as earnest and as serious, too, withal, as any contending elevens at Lord's or the Oval. Everything is in order, even the scorekeeper is not forgotten, and a small boy seated on a pile of coats within the shadow of "London's flinty tower," score-book in hand, watches the game with businesslike attention. The lads are not only playing from that love of cricket which appears natural to English boys, but there are many people looking down from the garden railings, and our cricketers appear conscious that the world is looking on. The many seats, and two or three small wooden summer-houses (!) of the garden are well patronised by all sorts and conditions of men—clerks and workmen, workmen and non-workmen, and men out of work. There is a boy eagerly reading some penny dreadful, the paper folded to a size of about two inches square, that he has to keep unfolding and refolding as he devours the story of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field"; here is an old, sturdy, barefooted beggar explaining to a pinched and cadaverous young "pal" that he had tried being in the Union, but preferred "trampin' about" as best he could.

As we reach the north-eastern corner of the Tower, we have come to the widest part of the garden; and, at the same time, near to the end of it, a flight of rustic wooden steps takes us to this wider and flatter part of the ground, where, in addition to flowers, shrubs, and trees as before, we have some plats of neat, refreshing green grass. A few steps and we are back in the hurly-burly of London life. W. J.

The Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays has received 100 guineas from the Bishop of London from a fund put at his disposal for such purposes.

The Patriotic Volunteer Fund, now being raised by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, amounted on June 21 to about £35,700, including £1534 subscribed by the members of the Stock Exchange. A sum of £100,000 is asked for.

Captain Woodward, of her Majesty's ship Duke of Wellington, appeared on June 21 before the Judges of the Queen's Bench, being brought up by the Sheriff of Hampshire to answer for his contempt in disregarding a writ of habeas corpus issued by the Court. The captain humbly apologised to the Court. Mr. Justice Manisty said the writ of habeas corpus was one of the most sacred rights known to the law. But for his apology, Captain Woodward would have been imprisoned. For his contempt he must pay a fine of £50 and the costs of the proceedings. The circumstances of the imprisonment of a man named Thompson, out of which this case has arisen, would form the subject of another inquiry.



LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR: JUNIOR OFFICERS AT HOCKEY.



U P T H E R I V E R .

DRAWN BY H. CAFFIERI.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XIX. KIMBOLTON CASTLE.

A PEEP FROM THE PARK.

DRAWING-ROOM.



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE
FROM THE PARK.

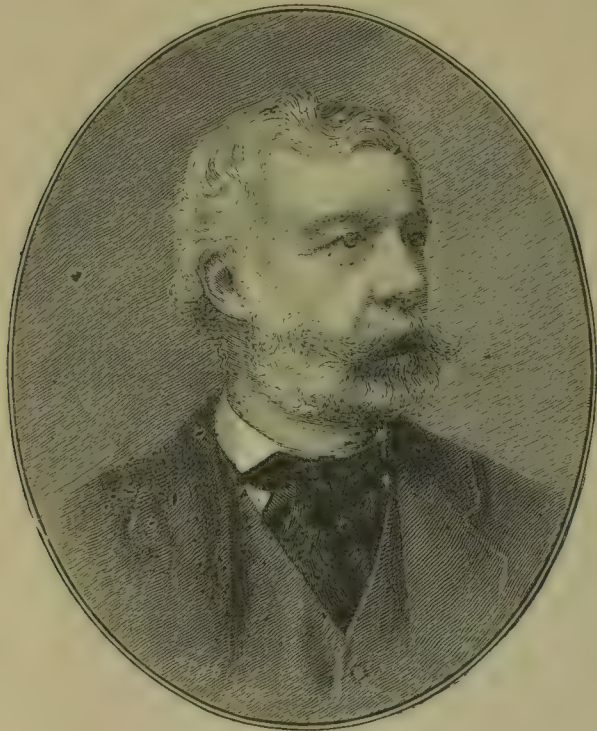


FRONT VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XIX.

Kimbolton Castle.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

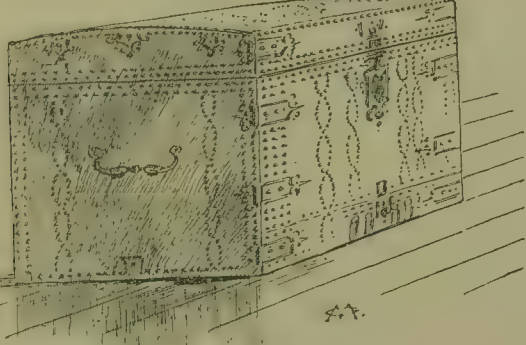
MUCH of England is parcelled out among her great men; and as time runs on and our stock of great men increases, and as their memory is more widely spread and venerated (for hero-worship grows with the growth of men's minds), so shall the land thus parcelled out become a larger part of the whole: till at last we may not go a day's journey without the feeling "Now I pass over the grounds of" such and such a hero.

Thus Warwickshire, and chiefly that rich country part by Stratford, is for ever Shakspeare's country. So the Lowlands of Scotland belong to Burns, and a province of them to Carlyle; and so the little county of Huntingdon—the least in England except Middlesex and the tiny Rutland, and in population smallest of all but Rutland—little Huntingdon holds for us the mighty spirit of the Lord Protector.

Yet in the heart of the Cromwell country, but ten miles from Huntingdon town itself, where Oliver was born, there is a little district—a castle, with the village at its gates—sacred to a memory more pure, perhaps, than his, and gentler: of a sadder dignity, if not a higher. For here, at Kimbolton Castle—now longtime the seat of the Dukes of Manchester—there died a Queen of England: Katharine of Arragon, the divorced wife of Henry VIII.

As one is apt to trace a likeness in the character of the country to that of him who has stamped his name upon it—and sees Shakspeare in the broad and comely streets of Stratford, Burns and Carlyle in the bleak, windy landscapes of Ayr—so the fanciful mind sees at Huntingdon and Kimbolton the impress of Oliver and of Katharine.

The plain little town by the dark Ouse—"on the edge of the firm green land," as Carlyle says, "and looking over into the black marshes, with their alder-trees and willow-trees"—is all



COFFER OF KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

of the Lord Protector: who rules too in the country round, as you journey thence to Kimbolton. It is a bare prospect on a wintry day. The land is flat, but not with the dead level of the Fens hard by, for a range of low hills is commonly seen along the horizon. There is little wood; only scattered trees, here and there. Low black hedges intersect the fields—yellow-green or yellow-brown, under a grey sky banded with clouds of darker grey.

But when Kimbolton station is reached, the drive of a couple of miles or so to castle and village takes you through a prettier country. There are little hills, and woods, and pleasant meadows by a tiny river; the village is more picturesque, the church not so bare as many that we have passed. The stern Cromwell ceases to be the ruling spirit here.

By a poultry-farm of some note, set in a comfortable meadow, you cross the bridge over the tributary of the Ouse that geographers are pleased to call the river Kym—"we call it a brook here," says a countryman modestly. Then you pass along the village street, till it leads you full to the great grey archway of the entrance to park and castle. This is the natural end of the road, and, at the first glance, its actual finish also; but, as a fact, it sneaks off to the left round a corner, and goes its way unheeded to St. Neots.

Standing under the trees, on the little patch of grass before the portals—somewhat gloomy—of the park wall, you look upon a village scene as pretty as need be wished: quaint, too, and not of the ordinary English red-brick and thatched-roof comfortable picturesqueness, but touched more with the delicate cool colours one sees sometimes in a French country place.

You look down a wide street, a long line of houses of varying heights and different patterns. Inn signs hang aloft or jut out—here "The Saddle" a highly-accurate painting; further on only a curly sign-iron stretching into the street.

Near the end the steeple of the old grey church rises over the roofs, with its "broach-spire" something of the shape of a narrow bradawl.

The little shops and frequent inns are gay with many shades of colour, for the greater part light and soft. There are houses of yellow, pink, grey, and a soft grey-green. The little shop-windows throw back their shutters—some of a bolder green, some black—and there are red window-sashes, and, above, high sloping roofs, of dark red brick or of slate, with little dormer-windows in them.

The place does not strike one as dull—are there too many inns for that, or is it only the cheery colours which brighten it? It is on an old coach-road; though the one great inn which you generally find in a coaching-town is not to be seen. It is not unlikely that the large private house on the shady side of the way—prettily covered with pale-green latticework—may have been the inn in its day. The tiny shops can do little business now; but the post-office opposite the castle gate is not without customers.

Grooms run horses up and down the street now and then. Hereabouts is a fine hunting-country—often on a fine winter morning you may see the hounds rambling along in their inquisitive way to the meet, with their two or three red-coated attendants, and a gentleman in black, and stragglers following (on businesslike nags) for a mile or so.

One cannot but like the little place—though it plainly lies low, and others besides poor Queen Katharine have found it damp and not too wholesome. It is out of the way, and shrinking fast; it has but a thousand inhabitants now, and there were fifteen hundred when Victoria came to the throne—before the railways had left Kimbolton out in the cold. One's natural impulse is to call it a village; but it is in strictness a town, with its chartered market on a Friday, and four fairs in the year besides the Statute Fair in September, and half a dozen streets to hold its lessening inhabitants; there are High-street, East-street and Turnpike-road, there is Carnaby and there is Grassyard, besides such divisions of more modern sound as New Town, West-End, and George-lane.

The town, then (to be civil), goes, as I have said, right up to the great archway in the park wall. Passing through this, you find yourself, as you think, face to face with the castle, and perhaps are not altogether inclined to quarrel with Horace Walpole's brief description of it as "an ugly place."

But you are not face to face with it, but face to back; and buildings and pictures have the privilege denied to historical characters now-a-days—they may claim to be judged by the front view. Looked at thus *a tergo*, Kimbolton Castle is, no doubt, as plain as it can well be. A big square building it is, of a warm grey; curiously solid; uncompromisingly battlemented, but otherwise unadorned; its broad back pierced with a score of plain, white-sashed windows and a great door, through which none but the dead and their attendants may pass—it is only used, I am told, for funerals.

The side of the castle which is on your right, as you stand facing this rear-view, is much finer, though, like the whole building, very plain and massive. It stands on a terrace, sloping down to a great lawn of level grass; to the right of this a private walk leads through a shrubbery, all of evergreens; to the left are taller trees. Near the terrace lies a pond, grey under the grey sky. There is higher ground further away, beyond the wide extent of park; and the view is bounded by dark woods.

In the middle of this front of the building is a great pillared doorway, with, to right and left, a wide expanse of windows, flanked at each end by high outstanding wings. This side ranks next to the chief front; for the fourth side, back-to-back with this, would be as plain almost as that which we first saw, but for a sort of arcade, or row of high cloistral arches, which breaks the line of its ground floor. Before this fourth side, again, is a beautiful space of grass, with noble trees to right and left: a lawn that would have been an avenue, if it were not immensely too wide.

The main front of the castle is very different: it stands out large and bold, altogether striking and memorable. Vanbrugh, its architect, promised that it should make "a very noble and masculine show"; and he in some sort kept his word.

The principal entrance to the park, by which this front is properly approached, is on the road to St. Neots: a pair of fine gates, flanked with doorways in the massive wall. They are but a few minutes from the castle, by a winding walk among some fine trees—cedars, especially, and pines and other evergreens. Wherefore I know not, but Kimbolton Park is full of evergreens; and here, on the greensward before the castle, they stand in long lines of almost military precision.

There is something military, too, about the earthworks, or grassy mounds, which rise from the lawn towards the building that stands high above it. Wide flights of shallow steps lead to the great entrance, standing out between its two wings: and here huge pillars of a pale buff rise right and left of the doorway almost to the full height of the building. These great columns are, indeed, the striking feature of Kimbolton. Thinking of the castle, one always pictures oneself standing back upon the lawn, looking right up at these colossal pillars, which wellnigh fill the centre block of the main front. Altogether, it is too stalwart, too imposing to be "ugly." Its architect's description was the truer: if not very beautiful, it is yet masculine and noble.

Vanbrugh did not build the house; indeed, he only partly rebuilt it. There has been a castle on this spot it is not known how long; at all events, since very ancient days. Leland said of it, in the middle of the sixteenth century, "The castle is double-diked, and the building of it metely strong: it longed to the Mandevilles, Erles of Essex. Sir Richard Wingfield built new fair lodgyns and galleries upon the old foundation of the castle. There is a plotte now clene desolated, not a mile by west from Kimbolton, called Castle Hill, where appear ditches and tokens of old buildings."

It was when "all the world was running mad after building" during the slow growth of Marlborough's palace of Blenheim, that its architect was commissioned to rebuild the garden-front of the old castle at Kimbolton, part of which had fallen down. It was the Countess of Manchester who gave the order to Sir John Vanbrugh, constructor of comedies and of houses: her husband was then in Venice, and a long and amusing correspondence is preserved at Kimbolton between the Earl and his architect.

Sir John had his own opinions as to what should be done, and stood to them sturdily, against a good deal of opposition; and, moreover, in the end had his own way. He was very strong upon "a room of parade," which he wished to introduce upon the ground-floor, between the drawing-room and bedroom; this would "give something of the castle air," and utilise the old stone. He pointed out that "to have built a front with pilasters and what the orders require would never have been done with the rest of the castle"; and added, in the words already quoted, "I am sure that this will make a very noble and masculine show."

But Vanbrugh was not only interested in building, nor the Earl in being built for. The great architect was a manysided man—a delightful dramatist, a venturesome speculator; in many of his letters he treats, with a fitting earnestness and solemnity, of engagements to be made by the Earl in Italy, of singers for the Italian opera, then first introduced by Vanbrugh into England. Famous or promising sopranos were to be treated with, salaries according to their deserts—or demands—to be paid them. The celebrated Nicolini and Santini were to be secured, if possible, at the price of a thousand pounds between them—"if your Lordship could engage for pistoles or louis d'ors instead of pounds sterling it would be so much saved to two of your humble servants." And when the re-engagement of Nicolini and Santini ("or Regiana, if she would do as well") came to be treated of, Sir John frugally offered, if the celebrities could not be secured, half terms "if a young improving woman might be found that had a good person and action, and that might be esteemed as good a singer as Margarita." But, alas! in the end Vanbrugh lost money by the venture, as many have lost money since.

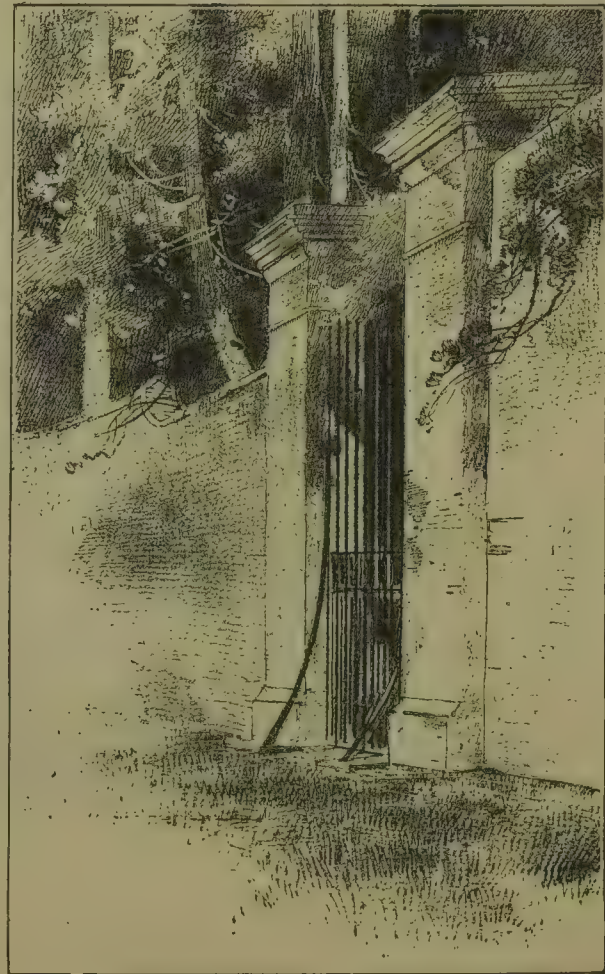
There are some quaint little illustrations of our fathers' ways in this correspondence. Thus, Sir John records the death of "one of the old gentlemen who stood in your way at the Carlton House. . . . The other," he adds, "I am acquainted with—he lives just by Blenheim, is hearty, but drunk every day at least once."

And so, with discussions, chat, and the usual delays of architect and workmen, the new—or new-fronted—Kimbolton got itself built. The great feature of its interior then became, as it still is, the fine sequence of state-rooms, running right round one corner of the building: the White Hall, the Red Drawing-Room and the Green, the Saloon, and the historic rooms of Queen Katharine. All these open into each other; all are fine rooms, with pictures on their walls full of interest, historical or artistic—and sometimes even both. On occasions of ceremony, the reception-rooms of Kimbolton must make a brave show.

First among them comes the White Hall: very bright, very handsome, very full. There are many pictures, many fine tables, bits of good old furniture, high screens, and great beasts of prey, standing erect as they were shot by the present Duke. A lion—a very fine fellow—a leopard, and a bear, stare at us with their glass eyes, terrible even when stuffed. At one end of the room are hung great stars of swords, which are wielded—when need is—by the Hunts Militia.

Many of the modern portraits at Kimbolton are by Desanges. Here, in the White Hall, is one of the present Duchess of Manchester in a fancy dress; and in the following rooms you may see the Duke and others of the family. Kneller's Queen Anne and William III. are here too; the Chief Justice Montague; that Unjust Judge Popham—of whom more, much more, hereafter; and (among many others) a picture with a curious little history—it was owned by a clergyman, and held to be a thing of small note, but was bought by the present Duke, and proved to be a valuable portrait by Hudson.

In the Red Drawing-Room, which comes next, is another



A PRIVATE ENTRANCE TO THE PARK.

picture with a history: a very fine Charles I. by Vandyke, which was till lately unknown, neglected and dirty. It now holds its place in a room of masterpieces—for here are Vandyke's portrait of the famous Earl of Manchester, the Parliamentary General (a handsome, clever, perhaps rather sly face); a great "Prometheus," by Rubens and Snyders, brimfull of dash, and tumble, and strength; a beautiful Tintoretto, the "Supper at Emmaus"; and a "Marriage at Cana in Galilee," on a smaller scale than that immense canvas in the Louvre.

Perhaps the most interesting pictures of all are those in the Green Drawing-Room, which comes next, and takes us round the corner of the house. Here Holbein is the great master. By the door, as you enter, are two of his most interesting portraits: the queer puffy face of Henry VIII.—"a most formidable likeness"—and a poor little schoolboy Edward VI., holding his glove in his hand in a very proper and gentlemanly way. Then there is a set of little Holbeins, which were in Queen Katharine's room, and are for the most part portraits of her contemporaries. One indeed, which has been called herself, is pretty well proved to be so by the fact that it is very like a portrait of her at Hardwicke Hall.

A strong face is that of Thomas Cromwell, by Holbein; and other famous heads by famous painters are Dean Colet's—a curiously young, close-shaven face—by Mabuse, and a beautiful Titian, of the resolved brow and deep-set luminous eyes of Ignatius Loyola.

This Green Drawing-Room is altogether one of the most notable of the great rooms of Kimbolton. It is handsome and spacious in itself. From its windows one has a beautiful open view of the spreading park. There are the pictures, of course; and many other things valuable and curious. Let me note only a cabinet in mosaic of extraordinary workmanship, whereon are landscapes with little men fishing, and heavy thunderous "Old Master" clouds, all most lively and natural.

So to the fourth room—the Saloon—very stately with its dark crimson velvet against the white pillars gilt at top. It is hung with seven large pictures, family portraits: the first Duke—the rebuilder of Kimbolton—and his pretty Duchess, by Lely; Viscountess Mandeville, in her wedding-dress; and others.

Next comes the most famous room in Kimbolton, which is, in one respect, the most famous private room in the world.



MARBLE BUST OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

This was Queen Katharine's own especial chamber, where the closing scenes of her tragedy were played—afterwards turned into the sweetest and most touching verse in Shakespeare's "History" of Henry VIII. How rare a privilege it is to stand here, Mr. Hepworth Dixon points out in his sketch of the castle and its history. "Kimbolton is, perhaps," he says, "the only house now left in England, in which you still live and move, distinguished as the scene of an act in one of Shakespeare's plays. Where is now the Royal palace of Northampton—where the baronial halls of Warkworth? Time has trodden underfoot the pride of Langley and Ely House. The Tower has become a barrack, Bridewell a jail. Ivy has eaten into the stone of Pomfret. Flint has fallen into the Dee. Westminster Abbey, indeed, remains much as when Shakespeare opened the great contention of York and Lancaster with the dead hero of Agincourt lying there in State; and the Temple Gardens have much the same shape as when he made Plantagenet pluck the white rose, Somerset as the red. But for a genuine Shakespearean house, in which men still live and love, still dress and dine—to which men come and go, in which children frisk and sport—where shall we look beyond the walls of Kimbolton Castle?"

When Henry VIII. got rid of the first of his series of wives he sent her into a confinement hardly to be distinguished from imprisonment. It is a curious fact that at one time, when she asked to be removed from Buckden (near Kimbolton) to some more healthy place, Henry wished her to go to Fotheringay; the deathplace, not so long after, of another Queen of his race.

Fotheringay, however, was "already noted for its malaria, arising from the miasma of its marshes." Katharine refused to go there, and said that she would like to live at one of her dower-houses; and, in the end, she was sent to Kimbolton—perhaps as the dampest and least healthy.

Here she spent her last year, surrounded by her little court, from whom, and from all who approached her, she exacted the fullest respect due to a Queen of England. It may seem to the English mind, intolerant of mere form and ceremony, that it was a foolish thing thus to insist on an outward show of reverence for a rank lost past recall; but Katharine felt that to permit a lessened respect, even in trifles, would be to admit, in some sort, the lawfulness of her deposition.

She ordered her little household with an exquisite care and



DISTANT VIEW.

kindness, and it is on record that she paid her washing-bill with all regularity. Yet she was straitened for money by the avarice of the King, who was by no means prompt in the payment of the income of £5000 a year due to her as Prince Arthur's widow. Her confessor and some of her servants were taken from her; and commissioners—who did their work none too gently—were sent to Kimbolton to search for letters that she might have secretly received from her old servants.

Nearly a year after she had taken up her abode here, she felt that death was nigh, and sent to the King to beg him to allow her to see her daughter Mary, and to give her a last blessing. He refused; and she wrote him that last letter which is paraphrased by Shakspeare—or by Fletcher, if it was he who wrote the "Queen Katharine scenes" in "Henry VIII."—in verse hardly so touching as the noble plainness of the original. Here is her letter; I know of nothing more perfectly tender and unselfish.

"MY LORD AND DEAR HUSBAND,—I commend me to you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and, my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me with a few words to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul; which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries, and yourself into many cares. For my part, I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

"For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter; beseeching you to be a good father unto her as I have heretofore desired. I entreat you also on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions; which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

"Lastly, do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

It is said that the tears rose to Henry's eyes as he read this letter; and he sent a last kind message to the dying woman.

But, more quickly than his messenger, a friend sped to her bedside at the news of her dangerous illness. The Lady Willoughby was her countrywoman, and had a sort of informal permission from the King to pay Katharine a few visits. At once, on a January day, she mounted her horse, and rode through the falling snow to Huntingdonshire; the roads were bad, and a little way from Kimbolton she had a fall; but she persevered, and reached the castle in the dark—it was after six o'clock—muddy and tired. After a little rest, she insisted on seeing the Queen, permission or no permission; and Sir Edmund Bedingfield, the Governor of the castle, had not courage to refuse her.

The two women talked long together in their native Spanish; and Lady Willoughby stayed by her friend's bedside all through that week, the first of the New Year, the last of the Queen's life. Another Spaniard—Capucius, the Ambassador—came also to the deathbed of Katharine of Arragon; and, on the morning of Jan. 7 she passed away in the presence of these two friends.

And here we are in the room where she died; where, Shakspeare tells us, in her last moments she beheld that beatific vision—

Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet?—whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun.
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear; I shall
Assuredly.

The room is old-fashioned, and (or is it our fancy?) something sad, with its faded tapestry of green and gold. It is full of portraits—one of the most interesting is the curious peevish face of James I., with mad eyes and a pinched-up nose. The windows overlook the broad, pleasant park, where you can hear the birds loud in song. Next door is the pretty, tiny boudoir of the Queen.

That there was a legend that Katharine of Arragon "walked" at Kimbolton after her death is probable enough. Mr. Hepworth Dixon gives the tradition in some detail:—"They say the ghost glides about after dark, robed in her long white dress, and with the Royal crown upon her head, through the great hall, and along the corridor to the private chapel, or up the grand staircase, past the Pellegrini cartoons." Perhaps her ghostly Majesty chooses this route because her travelling-chest (in which she kept her clothes and jewels) still stands at the foot of the staircase.

The plain old chapel has for its chief adornment a fresco of the Transfiguration, and four great Evangelists on the walls. Ancient books are ranged on shelves at the back of the chapel gallery—where Katharine no doubt sat—and there are elsewhere corridors filled with books, very many of them old and rare. Francis St. John, it is said, collected the library; its chief treasures, of books and ancient MSS., are mentioned by Dibdin, the antiquary, in his "Library Companion" and other works. Peeping here and there, somewhat at random, one comes upon a very beautiful illuminated missal; a book with Elizabeth's Royal signature; a copy of Prynne's "Records"; and much else of interest, from about the fifteenth century downwards.

Going up the grand staircase—past Katharine's chest, and the marble busts of Elizabeth and Leicester—you see the bright and spirited cartoons of Antoine Pellegrini, an Italian artist, most of whose work was done in England. He lived at

Kimbolton for some time, and painted much here. In the chief cartoon a negro is a prominent figure; wherefore the painting was described to visitors by an enthusiastic serving-maid as "The Triumph of Julius Caesar and the Black Prince."

Not far away is a corridor called King William's Gallery, which leads to the bed-room in which slept William III., on his visit to Kimbolton—a room hung with old red velvet tapestry. In the gallery are many interesting portraits. Mistress Hannah More's buxom, beaming face looks down upon us; and the countenance of Edward Montagu, the founder of the Sandwich family; and—the terror of the place—the stern Judge Popham, he "who did the deed of shame" and has still to expiate it.

If Queen Katharine's is more a ghost that ought to haunt the place than one that notoriously does, in the Judge we have the real, acknowledged, and quite uncalled-for apparition. Grant that Chief Justice Popham ought to "walk," if anybody should—or, rather, if any spirit should—for he was known as the Bad Judge, and took the estate of Littlecote in Wiltshire as a bribe from Wild Darell to acquit him of the horrible charge which made his name infamous. Admit this, however untrue it may be: and we yet fail to see why Popham's ghost should haunt Kimbolton, and why, in particular, it should choose such an uncomfortable mode of haunting as sitting astride the park wall or on a stile near the old priory.

However, we have only to state facts, and not to explain them; and here they be. Now let us escape from Popham's Gallery as quickly as we may.

We come downstairs again, and pass along the corridor, which overlooks the inner quadrangle of the building. I always like an old quadrangle, and old cloisters, and a great old oak staircase; and of these three good things the first is perhaps the rarest, because your quadrangle demands a very large house to hold it. Here there is space enough; and the "quad" of Kimbolton, though quite plain, is stately and pleasant to look upon. It is of red brick—part very pale, part (and that, I think, the older) of a brighter and deeper colour. The windows are white. A great staircase leads down, from a door in the main front, to the middle of the court; and opposite this is a high arch. Again we can use Sir John Vanbrugh's words—it is "a masculine show," and worthy of the ancient castle.

Of which, and its contents, little more perhaps remains to be said—except, indeed, as to the great dining-room, which is not to be passed over. A large, square, stately chamber it is; dark, with dark pictures and hangings of old Venetian leather, black and yellow. All is rich and sombre; even the great looking-glasses on the walls, and the stern figure of Cromwell—as he hangs, in a fine picture over the great fireplace, moody and deep in thought, in rough attire, but every inch a King.

On a side table stands another memorial of the Lord Protector—his great Black Jack, a leathern flagon bound with silver, perhaps a foot and a half high; a capacious vessel, that would hold a strong man's quantum of Huntingdon ale.

There are other pictures besides the Cromwell—two Titians, and a Snyders with a magnificent red lobster—here in the dining-room; and, adjoining, there is a pretty contrast to its gloom and state. This is the little billiard-room, all bright and modern, sweet with the scent of the wood of which it is built—for it is, as it were, deep-set in cedar, of a warm light brown, which was growing, but a few years ago, among the many evergreens of Kimbolton. The designs of the walls are taken from bits of the Alhambra; nowhere can there be a daintier billiard-room!

From the scent of the cedar we pass into the fresh country odours of the park, on our way to the remains of the Augustinian Priory on the top of a hill hard by, within sight of the castle. The road to St. Neots cuts through the park, and the little river Kym waters its green meadows. Crossing these, and passing through a landscape of upland and coppice, which changes with every three minutes of our walk—leaving to our left the fish-pond of the ancient monks, still haunted by rare birds—we reach the circle of high ground, belted by a moat and trees, where stood the Priory: where now stands the remnant of it used by the shepherd as his house.

Here we are actually on a hill. This must be, I should think, almost the highest ground in flat Huntingdonshire, and the prettiest. You look down towards the castle, hardly to be made out for trees of varying green; you can see the sheep and cattle dotting the slopes of grass—Kimbolton is famous for its herd of shorthorns; to the right is the little town, clustering in the hollow; and overhead come the homeward-bound crows, perhaps on their way to the Warren Spinney, close at hand—at whose corner is the stile said to be Judge Popham's favourite seat at ghostly hours of the night.

This Priory, where seven Black Canons dwelt, was founded by the Bigrames—a field near it is still called Bigrames or Beggarums. It stood within the great manor of Kimbolton, which belonged to Earl Harold—Harold, the last of the Saxons; but the first name which Camden connects with it is unmistakeably Norman.

"The east side of this county [Huntingdon] is adorned," he tells us, "with the Castle of Kinnibantam, now Kimbolton, anciently the seat of the Magnavilles; afterwards of the Bohuns and Staffords; and now of the Wingfields."

Sir Henry Montagu, afterwards first Earl of Manchester, bought the estate of Sir James Wingfield; and in his family it has remained ever since.

The grandfather of the first Earl was Sir Edward Montagu, a great lawyer of the days of Henry VIII., "of such authority and account, credit and countenance, in the House of Commons, of which he was Speaker, that a Bill for subsidies not passing he was sent for to his Majesty, who said to him, 'Ho, will they not let my Bill pass?' and laying his hand on the head of Montagu (kneeling before him) said 'Get my Bill to pass by such a time to-morrow, or else by such a time this head of yours shall be off.'" (This way of passing Bills has lost its vogue, but in this instance it was effective.)

The Montagus were indeed, as Clarendon says, "a family at that time very fortunate." Sir Edward's success—and he was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, six years later Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and one of the executors of the King's will—was eclipsed by that of his grandson Henry. Clarendon has much to tell us of the first



A BLACK JACK.



KIMBOLTON CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XIX. KIMBOLTON CASTLE.

GRAND ENTRANCE IN PRIVATE GARDENS.



THE OLD PRIORY.



G. MONTBARD.



THE ENTRANCE IN THE STREET.

and second Earls of Manchester; and of Henry the first he says that "he made a progress through all the eminent degrees of the law and in the State." He was Recorder of London; King's Serjeant-at-Law; a member for the City, and a great Parliamentary orator, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Lord High Treasurer of England—and, less than a year after, reduced to the empty title of President of the Council, and, "to allay the sense of the dishonour," created Viscount Mandeville. Moreover, he seems to have borne his deprivation so well that he was made, in requital, Lord Privy Seal and Earl of Manchester.

"He was," says Clarendon, summing up, "a man of great industry and sagacity in business, which he delighted in exceedingly; and preserved so great a vigour of mind even to his death, when he was very near eighty years of age, that some who had known him in his younger years did believe him to have much quicker parts in his age than before."

He was the most literary of the Montagus, though he is known only by one book; but of that at least fifteen editions were published within sixty years—one of which had the

singular honour of being the first work published after the Great Fire of London.

It was a book on death, and was long a favourite present to attendants at funerals; it was called "Manchester Al Mondo: Contemplatio Mortis et Immortalitatis." In style it is plainly founded on St. Augustine. Its matter is a long series of reflections on death, its advantages, and the need of making ready for it, in a stately English, intermixed with scraps of Latin, somewhat as "Sartor Resartus" is varied with German. For instance:—"Procrastination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvina* that always cries *Cras! cras!* cozens

many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to-morrow."

"Death is the known'st and unknown'st thing in the world," he says; and tells a pretty story to illustrate this. "It was a sweet speech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent child of my own used in extremity of sickness, 'Mother, what shall I do? I shall die before I know what Death is. I beseech you, tell me what is Death, and how I should die?'"

The most famous Earl of Manchester was, of course, the second, the distinguished Parliamentary General: "a person

of great civility and very well-bred." He was called to the House of Peers (as Lord Kimbolton) in the lifetime of his father, "which was a very extraordinary favour."

He married (as his second wife) the daughter of the Earl of Warwick—who, though a very licentious personage, was a great protector of the Puritans; and he became totally estranged from the Court, associating chiefly with "a kind of fraternity" among whom he was greatly popular—partly, no doubt, on account his lavish hospitality. His father disliked both his opinions and his expenses; and he ran into debts which "long lay heavy upon him."

The history of Manchester's later life is a part of the history of England; nor is there any need here to relate how he led the Parliamentary forces for a while, won Marston Moor (with Cromwell), and was removed from command "for no other reason but because he was not wicked enough," says Clarendon—very naturally, from his point of view; and adds that he was heartily glad of the Restoration, was received into favour by Charles II., and never forfeited it.

Indeed, he aided to restore the son, and had refused to take part in the execution of the father; he was throughout on the moderate side, to which, in the main, his successors have ever since inclined. The Manchesters have never ranked among the extreme partisans of either side. As factions have gone up and down, they have stood firm, little altered by success or failure—true to their motto, by which the first Earl held in his temporary disgrace: *Disponendo me, non mutando me.*

EDWARD ROSE.

NEW BOOKS.

Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 1863 to 1888. Edited by Dr. James Macaulay, M.D. (Murray).—In the whole history of the English Monarchy, which is the most ancient now existing among the nations of Europe, there has been no heir apparent to the Crown whose performance of his civil and social duties could be compared with the public conduct of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. We consider that these functions, which his Royal Highness has always kept strictly apart from political party contentions, are more appropriate to his position, in the England of the nineteenth century, than the most brilliant military exploits in active warfare, following the examples of Prince Edward, the ablest commander and statesman of the Plantagenet reigns, afterwards King Edward I., and of Edward the Black Prince. Royalty in our days, and in our own country, partakes less of the character of ruling command than of constitutional presidency in the person of the Sovereign; and its dignity is best consulted, while its future occupants are perhaps best secured from unfair influences, by not engaging personally in those services which frequently incur an instant and urgent application of needful criticism, when a British army is in the field. If the Prince of Wales had as much professional skill and knowledge as Lord Wolseley, it would be a very impolitic act for him to undertake the conduct of a campaign. The work he has to do is of great social importance, and has a political importance, moreover, without reference to any disputable questions of policy, which is evident to all thoughtful observers of the working of our machinery of State. By recommending the Monarchy to popular esteem and confidence, by winning the sympathy of all classes of society, this example renders great support to public order, and to the title of Sovereignty which is stamped on the enactment and administration of the laws. His Royal Highness has discharged such duties, ever since the death of his father, the admirable Prince Consort, in a manner not surpassed by any Royal personage in the history of Europe; not even by the beloved and lamented Frederick of Germany, as Crown Prince, before his accession to the throne.

The Prince of Wales, with regard to his private life and opportunities of usefulness, may also be compared with other great English noblemen, some of whom enjoy far greater wealth, and within their limited sphere have equal means of benefiting their neighbours and of promoting salutary objects. There are Dukes and Marquises who would not once, for a single day, take the trouble which his Royal Highness takes almost every week. Let his personal diligence, in this respect, be compared with the most eminent philanthropists, among them the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury, for instance: we believe it will be found that his Royal Highness, during the years of their contemporary activity, was not behind that renowned example of benevolence in sacrificing his own ease and pleasure to the good of other people. Exeter Hall religious meetings, visits to Ragged Schools, and the patronage of evangelical missions of piety and charity, are highly commendable in their way; but there are other ways of doing good in the world. And if a man of the highest birth, rank, and position, a man who relishes sports and pleasures that were never attractive to Lord Shaftesbury, beginning in his youthful manhood, devotes a great deal of his time, frankly and cheerfully, to serve mankind in these various ways, travelling all over the country, enduring wearisome ceremonies, giving up many chances of amusement, encountering tedious "bores" and nauseous compliments with patient courtesy and good-humour, his merit seems as great, supposing his motive to be as good, as if he were connected with the churches that deny the merit of "works." The Prince of Wales avoids theological not less than political discussion; but his speeches on behalf of diverse forms of charity have been as frequent as Lord Shaftesbury's were; he is not less zealous as a social reformer, though some of the worst abuses and grievances were removed before his time; and he has diligently assisted in the management of valuable institutions. Besides all this public activity in town and country, all over the United Kingdom, and his visits to Canada and India, there is a private influence for good, which may be exercised by a person of high social position among those of his acquaintance, in restraining animosities, adjusting differences, or bringing about reconciliations; and the Prince's sagacity and tact have often been successful upon these occasions.

The volume of his "Speeches," edited by Dr. Macaulay, contains nothing that had not been printed before; and we do not suppose that a recapitulation of the subjects and dates and places of these discourses is here required. Every reader of this Journal has seen numerous illustrations of the appearances of his Royal Highness at meetings, exhibitions, ceremonies, festivities, laying foundation-stones, opening new institutions, or witnessing distributions of prizes; at museums, free libraries, art-galleries, colleges and schools, orphanages, hospitals, infirmaries, and asylums, relief funds or subscriptions, agricultural shows, the Royal College of Music, and the International Exhibitions. Hundreds of good institutions, in the metropolis, in the different counties, cities, and towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in British North America, and in several parts of India, have received his patronage, and he has spoken, ably and judiciously, on their behalf to the largest audiences who could be admitted. There are few better speakers, for such purposes, than the Prince of Wales; he is eminently a sensible man, who says just what ought to be said and nothing more. Indeed, these speeches are quite models of their kind. There is a good portrait of his Royal Highness in this volume.

Prince, Princess, and People. By Henry C. Burdett (Longmans).—An account of the social progress and improvement of our own times, as illustrated by the public life and work of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is a book that may fitly be preserved in company with any of those compiled by different authors in commemoration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. The kindly and gracious behaviour of their Royal Highnesses, during the widowhood and the temporary partial retirement of her Majesty, for some years, from many public appearances in which her presence would have delighted vast numbers of her people, while her cordial interest in every scheme for their benefit was never for a moment abated, has entitled the Prince and Princess to a degree of gratitude which will not be exhausted in their own lives, or in those of their children. Mr. H. C. Burdett's record of this series of benevolent acts of Royalty, and his commentary upon them, are inspired by no intention of flattery; he writes of them with good taste and judgment, and gives much precise information, in a connected historical form, concerning the events from which they arose. The narrative, in an agreeable style, occupies about two-thirds of his volume; the remainder consists of various appendices, besides genealogical notes and pedigrees of ancestry, descriptions of the orders and decorations worn by his Royal Highness, and matters of a similar character. There are minute statistical particulars of all the institutions, the exhibitions of art and industries, the asylums and refuges, the relief funds and charitable societies, the hospitals, dispensaries, and infirmaries, and the convalescent homes, the special institutions for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the schools, colleges, training establishments and orphanages, the museums, libraries, galleries of art, recreation grounds, parks and gardens, music-halls, associations for healthy sport, volunteer corps, rifle clubs, agricultural and horticultural shows, memorial statues and halls, public edifices and local improvements, to which the Royal couple, or either of them, have contributed; with the dates of their visits, and the amounts of their donations and subscriptions.

Such a record, we can affirm with positive certainty, could not be shown by a collection of all the benevolent actions of this kind that any other Prince and Princess in Europe, King and Queen, or Emperor and Empress, have performed in modern times; having regard not to the total amount of pecuniary gifts—for their Royal Highnesses are by no means the richest persons of high rank, even in this country—but to the multiplied and varied expressions of their sympathy with every charitable, useful, or cheerful undertaking. The energetic personal industry of the Prince of Wales, methodically arranged and punctually carried into effect, at great cost of time, and often foregoing the indulgence of his private inclinations, to make long journeys, to witness spectacles resembling those he has seen before, to receive and reply to formal addresses, exactly like those of former occasions, and to shake hands and lunch or dine with many worthy gentlemen of provincial or municipal note, whom he will scarcely meet again, but whom he seldom forgets, is really wonderful to those who know him. It is not an easy life that he leads, not a life of freedom; not such as a selfish man would choose, as the condition of enjoying exalted rank and moderate wealth; not the ordinary life of the aristocracy in England, or of Royalty on the Continent of Europe. But the Prince of Wales is an Englishman, a Prince of Englishmen; and well does he know that "England expects every man to do his duty." How well he has done it, these twenty-six years past, aided not a little by that gracious Royal lady, the partner of his life, whose mere presence in this country, with the pure lustre of her faultless example as wife and mother, has silently helped to sweeten the tone of English society, is already known to the present generation. Mr. Burdett's volume, adorned with fine portraits of their Royal Highnesses, and with photographs of Sandringham, is the most complete work on the subject. Along with Dr. Macaulay's edition of the "Speeches of the Prince of Wales," it should have a place of honour in the Englishman's library, from which the less worthy Lives of "the Four Georges" could perhaps be spared.

Great Men at Play. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—The contents of this book should be doubly entertaining, as they consist of anecdotes of the personal habits and tastes of a vast number of eminent men, and as they refer to a great variety of amusements, games, sports, and "hobbies" in which those individuals occasionally delighted. Most of them belong to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and to the English nation, including, if we may now venture to say so, the Scotchmen and Irishmen; they are statesmen, lawyers, divines, philosophers, scholars, doctors, authors, artists, and other distinguished public or professional characters. Among several hundred there are some who may be called "great." It is pleasant to learn how they sought diversion and recreation after their strenuous mental efforts; though, in the case of some famous politicians, whose "play" was often gambling, betting on the turf, or hard drinking, the contests of ambition seem to have engendered a lust of excitement which only changed its method of indulgence. Some of the very greatest men of affairs, on the contrary, have preferred intellectual repose, with only so much bodily exercise as was needful for health: a quiet ride or walk in the country; a little superintendence of farming, gardening, or planting; a little shooting or fishing, perhaps, or the agreeable motion of rowing or sailing. The excitement of winning or losing in games of chance, or in wagers, should rather be avoided by a man whose duty it is to preserve a cool head for important business; it is only suitable for idle persons.

Then, for indoor games, we can understand how chess, depending entirely on skill, science, and foresight, has often consoled the conscious possessor of superior brains for a day of unsuccessful attempts to bring diplomatic conferences to a conclusive issue. After wasting hours of the morning in talk with a shifty practiser of dilatory excuses and evasions there must be great satisfaction in having your antagonist seated at the board where he cannot escape "checkmate." This is equally a compensation for the disgust experienced by an earnest controversialist of severely logical mind who cannot get people to keep to the point in argumentative discussion. Whist is a social game, the best that was ever invented for those who suffer by living too much alone; it calls forth at once both the sympathetic affection of partnership and the combative instinct with the purpose of striving to gain the victory over others, which are inherent in human nature. Two against two are likely to feel these pleasurable emotions more vividly than where larger numbers are engaged. And whist has this further advantage: mingling the initial chances of a good or bad hand of cards with the faculty of prudently and skilfully using them for the turn of the trick, it represents better than any other game the actual mixture of cleverness with fortunate circumstances in the successes of the world. These evening pastimes are of invaluable efficacy to cure the limp depression of moral sentiment and the intellectual languor caused either by a solitary and indolent life, or by the feebleness, vagueness, and dulness of restrained conversation. At the same time, it is conceivable that a person who reads, or

observes, who thinks, talks, and perhaps writes, freely and abundantly, and whose individuality is strong enough to draw out the minds of his companions in free and sincere talk, may find life tolerable without either whist or chess. We should be tolerant of these differences of mental constitution and habit, allowing to every man and woman entire liberty to seek what harmless recreation they please.

Such being, in our view, the wise and wholesome principles of "play" for men who can also work, Mr. Thiselton Dyer's immense collection of biographical instances may serve to illustrate the wide range of choice, and to throw some light on individual characteristics. He refrains from mentioning the great men still living; Mr. Gladstone's feats with the woodman's axe, and Lord Salisbury's chemical laboratory, find no place in these volumes. Either diversion is preferable to that of losing £500 an hour at hazard, by which Charles James Fox quickly ruined his private fortune, and which for some time had its fascination for Pitt. Many of our great statesmen have taken a lively interest in horse-racing; the late Earl of Derby and Lord Palmerston, for example; Lord George Bentinck would bet too heavily. Fox-hunting naturally came in the way of those born among the rural gentry or nobility who have figured in either House of Parliament; but successful lawyers, when off the bench or the woolsack, have contented themselves with partridge or pheasant shooting, like the late Lord Westbury. Any man in ordinary health, and with ordinary nerve, can ride some kind of horse, in some fashion, if he chooses to mount; but jogging or pacing over a common road soon ceases to be amusing. Long walks by devious paths in the country will prove a more continuing source of refreshment, if not overdone, while they afford sufficient change of scene and means of studying Nature. In youth, a solitary ramble from morn to eve has strong charms for a contemplative disposition; it is apt, however, in some youths, to be conducive to exhausting meditation. Walking with one or two companions, on the other hand, may be provocative, in young men, of serious controversial talk, which absorbs their attention so that they see nothing on the road. These errors in the taking of pedestrian exercise should be avoided: much thinking, or much talking, ought not to be allowed simultaneously with much walking. The necessary care of a horse, or of a bicycle, is a salutary preservative against injurious mental abstraction.

Angling, no doubt, is one of the best pastimes of over-worked and worried men, in middle life or the "elderly" age. It need never be practised so as to overtax the strength; and its varying demands on the attention, and its frequent calls for new devices of ingenuity, with the altered conditions of the stream, the daylight, the weather, the natural flies, and the fish, occupy the mind quite enough. The list of eminent persons who have loved this diversion includes John Bright, Henry Fawcett, Matthew Arnold, and Kingsley, in our own time; Dr. Paley, Sir Humphry Davy, J. M. W. Turner, Sir F. Chantrey, John Wilson, and others distinguished in literature, science, or art. It is not to be questioned, however, that the mere pleasure of looking on clear flowing water, and watching all the living creatures in it, fishes and insects, besides examining the aquatic plants, is sufficient entertainment for a contemplative man, who has no ambition to catch a trout. The writers on angling seem to believe that they are the only admirers and lovers of riverside scenery.

The chapter on gardening and agriculture shows how, to some men, who like staying at home, as one of the wisest and wealthiest of English noblemen always does, there is no pleasure more congenial than the direction of substantial improvements or ornamental works in their own domains. A grand old mansion, with its "pleasaunces," gardens, and terraces, with its stables, kennels, aviary, and fishponds, with its "home farm," where one can afford to spend hundreds and thousands of pounds on unremunerative experiments, and with the plantations and copses around the park, affords costly pastime for the richest Peer or squire, without going beyond the limits of his own estate. The poorest annuitant, dwelling in a cottage with a garden, may gratify similar tastes, on a miniature scale, with the labour of his own hands and the expenditure of a few pounds in the year. If he cannot breed prime stock, or purchase prize bulls for the herd of cattle which is famous at agricultural shows, he may at least keep a hive of bees; he may cultivate fruits and flowers, make a smooth lawn, and put up a little greenhouse. It is all the same thing; the arts of rearing and growing vegetables, or breeding domestic animals, great or small, produce their own reward to the mind which can enjoy that purest of pleasures, watching and tending the processes of organic life. These pursuits, it is said, run into "hobbies"; but they are surely most innocent, unless too much money be spent upon them, and more of a "gentle craft" than that of Isaac Walton, whose aim is to kill a happy living creature. Without disparagement of anglers or any other sportsmen, who may lawfully prove their skill on beasts, birds, or fishes, we hold that the gardener, the pigeon-fancier, the poultry-keeper, or the keeper of bees, is not an effeminate dawdler, but is likely to be a wise, kindly, virtuous man, sound of health, bodily and mentally, and deserving of a serene old age. It is he who merits the poet's blessing—

Never to blend his pleasure or his pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.

"Great Men at Play" is a book that shows little of their greatness, but much of their kindred feeling with us little men, who can sometimes play as well as any of our superiors. It is curious to observe how many of them, great authors and students, were utterly deaf to the exquisite delights of music, or indifferent to those of the fine arts, or to the beauties of a picturesque landscape. Mental powers, developed to intense energy in one direction, are apt to dull the senses, and to derange the harmonious enjoyment of life.

Lord Knutsford has received, at the Colonial Office, four delegates, sent by 140,000 Christians of Cyprus, to present a petition to the Queen praying that taxation in Cyprus may be reduced.

The Lord Mayor entertained the council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at a banquet at the Mansion House on June 21. Many distinguished persons attended. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon responded to the toast of "The Agricultural Society." Sir Harry Verney proposed "Success to the Show at Windsor," and Prince Christian proposed "The Health of the Lord Mayor."

From Adelaide, Australia, the Secretary of the Sea-Shell Mission, 27, Benedict-road, S.W., has received a beautiful collection of shells, gathered by the members of "The Ministering Children's League," the first branch of which in Adelaide was established by Mrs. W. Storrie, of that place, who is now in London, and brought the shells with her from Australia for the Mission. Our readers may be glad to be reminded that the Countess of Meath, 83, Lancaster-gate, W., is the President of "The Ministering Children's League." Princess Victoria Mary of Teck has just become President of the "Sea-Shell Mission."

THE ROYAL FARMS IN WINDSOR PARK.



THE ROYAL DAIRY

The editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, Mr. Henry F. Moore, has compiled, expressly for the occasion of the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Windsor, a sixpenny handbook, published at the office of that journal, 145, Queen Victoria-street, which should be purchased by every visitor, and should be widely read by agriculturists in every part of the United Kingdom. It contains a history of the Royal Agricultural Society, a guide to the Windsor Show, and a description of the Royal Farms, written by special permission of the Queen, from which last the following particulars are borrowed to accompany our illustrations:—

The Royal Farms at Windsor in the occupation of her

Majesty are two, extending altogether over about 1120 acres, of which 360 acres are arable and 760 pasture. The first is the Shaw Farm (which includes the Home Farm and Park), the nearest to the castle, and the other is the Flemish Farm—more outlying, and with heavier land. Until a few years ago they included also the Norfolk Farm and the Bagshot and Rapley Farms. These have been given up by her Majesty, though one of them—the Bagshot—is in the occupation of the Duke of Connaught, and so may still be classed among Royal farms. The two farms which her Majesty retains are those on which the improving hand of the Prince Consort left its mark, and they exist to-day in almost

the same form and with almost the same cultivation as in the days of his Royal Highness.

The Shaw Farm is the one which stands first, its magnificent model buildings—a well-planned combination of stabling, cattle-boxes, stalls, and yards, poultry-house, and piggeries—as well as the fact that it is the Home Farm of the historic home of the Sovereigns of England, marking it out for this position. It also includes the magnificent Royal Dairy, with which we shall subsequently deal. This farm is the latest acquired of all the Windsor estates belonging to the Crown, having been purchased some 200 years ago from the former owner, a Frenchman, Monsieur



INTERIOR OF ROYAL DAIRY.

THE ROYAL FARMS IN WINDSOR PARK.



THE HOME FARM.



THE DAIRY FARM.



THE FLEMISH FARM.

De Shawe, and it is his name that still attaches to the land. Till 1849, when the Prince Consort took them in hand, the Home Farm included merely the park and grounds of the castle, and the Shaw Farm had been an appanage of Frogmore, formerly in the occupation of Princess Augusta. On the death of her Royal Highness in 1840, Mr. Watkins, who had long had the management of it, took the farm for a few years, and he was succeeded by Mr. Cantrell. The Prince Consort became the tenant of it and of the Home Grounds in 1849, and since 1863 her Majesty the Queen has been the tenant. The landlords are the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, so that at Windsor the Queen is a tenant-farmer, and not, as so many suppose, a landlord-farmer.

On the farm coming into the occupation of the Prince Consort the whole of the holding was made a continuous estate, including in it the Royal Gardens and the Frogmore Grounds. It was at first, along with the Norfolk and Flemish Farms, under the immediate direction of the late General Wemyss. After the death of General Wemyss, in 1854, the Royal farms were managed by Mr. Wilson until 1858, in which year Mr. Tait, of Dunrobin, was appointed. This gentleman died in 1882, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. W. Tait, the present manager. During the time of the Prince Consort the rent and taxes paid for the holdings amounted to over £1000 a year, this being the rent for the land in a very wild state. Besides providing the necessary capital for the cultivation and equipment, his Royal Highness also invested upwards of £6000 in providing new farm buildings—two sets, those for the Shaw Farm proper and those for the Dairy or Home Farm.

Under particular instructions from the Prince Consort, the buildings were erected in 1853, from the design of Mr. G. A. Dean, architect, and the homesteads very fairly carry out the Prince's intention. The buildings stand upon a square of ground—the sides running north and south, east and west respectively. The stables, the cattle-boxes and sheds, the piggeries, and the poultry-houses are all placed in separate localities, accessible with the straw-cart, the dung-cart, or the turnip-cart by roads which intersect the whole area. The row upon the eastern side includes cart-shed at either end, two-storied lodging-house in the middle, and farm stables; the western side includes a carpenters' yard and shed, threshing yard and granaries, steam-engine and boiler-house, floor for mixing chaff and meal with pulped roots, and piggeries around three sides of a small square, in the midst of which is the food-house for their supply. Between these two are three rows of buildings, with roadways between them. These include foreman's house, poultry-houses, blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, a series of boxes and small yards, facing south, a large root-house with a fixed turnip-cutter for supplying food, and a wide shed in which cattle are fed—in fact, a covered yard. This was originally built as a sheep-shed; but was not found to answer for that purpose.

The house occupied by Mr. Tait, the manager of the Windsor farms, which is detached from the homestead, contains a suite of apartments for her Majesty's use; and from these the Queen can, during her visits to Windsor, walk in comparative privacy through the range of buildings, inspecting the cattle which are being prepared for exhibition, and otherwise showing her interest in the work of the farm.

The Shaw Farm includes the management of some 720 acres, of which 120 are arable; 600 acres being occupied by the Home or Dairy Farm and the Home Park. It embraces several kinds of soil, ranging from a stiff adhesive medium upon the clay formation, on its southern portion, through good alluvial grazing ground on the meadows adjoining the Thames, to the chalk formation of the pastures under the walls of the castle. On the arable land the cropping is generally as follows:—mangolds and swedes, followed by wheat; then oats and barley, followed by beans; then wheat. Roots then follow in the regular rotation. For this cultivation five pairs of horses are kept.

The whole object of the farm is the breeding of animals and the manufacture of meat and dairy produce. At the present time there are 208 head of cattle of different sorts on the farm, many of them Jerseys and non-pedigree shorthorns, kept for dairy purposes. There is also a flock of 370 half-bred ewes, which are crossed with Oxford or Hampshire Down rams. Besides these there is a herd of about eighty Berkshire and small white pigs.

Some of the animals which are prepared for the fat stock shows are kept in the boxes, as are also the pigs, which have won many prizes in the showyard.

The Royal Dairy at Frogmore is "the handsomest and most advanced private dairy in the world." It was constructed by Mr. J. R. Turnbull, of Windsor Castle, under the directions of the Prince Consort, beginning in the summer of 1858; the old dairy buildings of George III.'s time being quite unfit for modern requirements. The exterior is designed in the Renaissance style; the windows are formed of Bath stone, and the whole building is surmounted by a frieze and cornice with perforated parapet of lacelike pattern, the arms of her Majesty being introduced at one end of the building and those of the Prince Consort at the other. The roof is covered with alternate rows of red and blue tiles, surmounted by a handsome octagonal turret ventilator, terminating in the crown and orb. The sides of this turret are filled with elaborate perforated panels, bearing Royal arms. The old house had its exterior brought into unison with the new part, and is now used as a churning-room, scullery, and the dairy-woman's cottage. This forms on the south the required protection; to the west shelter is provided by an elegantly-designed arcade.

The interior of the Royal Dairy is highly ornamental; the floor is laid with tiles, of a pretty incised pattern, with a rich majolica border, as decorative as a Turkey carpet; the walls are covered with tiles, bearing a mauve-coloured star on a white ground, and with a green-and-white border. They present also fine majolica bas-reliefs, symbolical of the Four Seasons and of Agriculture, with beautiful frieze and cornice, medallion portraits of the Royal family, shields inscribed with monograms, figures of sea-horses and dolphins, foliage and fruit. The sloping parts of the ceiling are decorated in colours with an elegant pattern, and are perforated for ventilation; the roof is supported by six pillars with twisted shafts. The windows are double, with stained glass representing daisies and primroses. At each end of the room, and on the south side, is a graceful fountain; one being in the form of a marble water-nymph, pouring from a jar. The tables are of white marble, on supports of different coloured marbles.

The general plans and arrangements for the dairy were prepared and carried out by Mr. Turnbull, the internal decorations being designed by the late Mr. John Thomas; but every detail, both of colour and form, was considered and revised by the Prince Consort himself. All the decorations were entirely original, and were manufactured by Messrs.

Minton. The dairy includes an apartment 36 ft. long by 20 ft. broad, with a height of about 20 ft., marble shelving running all round it and marble tables in the middle, on which white milk-dishes stand. About 240 gallons of milk can be dealt with at one time and in the best manner. Nearly all the utensils employed are of the simplest character. During the winter the milk is set in shallow pans, but the summer practice is slightly different, the Laval separator being used. The simplest forms of churns are employed, and the butter is made up on an ordinary table butter-worker. All the new machinery was furnished by the Dairy Supply Company.

There is in connection with the dairy a very good homestead with a very handsome cow-house. Here a good herd of unpedigreed shorthorns are kept for their milk, and, ever since the dairy was started, complete records have been kept of the milk yields of each cow, together with the fullest details of the total produce of butter. As a dairy-homestead, it has been for a quarter of a century a model from which the most advanced dairy-farmer might gain many useful practical hints.

The second of the Queen's farms at Windsor is the Flemish Farm, a name which it received when King George IV. established two farms at Windsor for the purpose of demonstrating in practice the two systems of farming—the Norfolk and the Flemish—then in vogue. It consists of 240 acres of arable and 160 acres of pasture land. The land is very heavy in places; but has been much improved by a wise outlay of capital. As soon as it came into the hands of the Prince Consort, the whole farm was re-modelled. Roads were made, gorse and fern removed, the fields were re-arranged, and the old buildings gave place to a new and commodious homestead. In addition to this the whole of the land was drained under the superintendence of the late Mr. Fox to a depth of four feet, at a cost of £3 per acre, exclusive of pipes and cartage. These improvements occupy a distinguished place in the history of agricultural progress, inasmuch as it was here that the great improvement in grassland by draining, chalking, and manuring was first demonstrated by actual experiment.

The great feature of the farm is the homestead, which was erected at a cost of £6000—of which over five-sixths were paid by the tenant—and which was at the time regarded as the most complete set of farm-buildings ever erected. Many of the famous homesteads of England have been modelled after it. It was designed for the Prince Consort by Mr. J. R. Turnbull, architect, Office of Works, Windsor Castle. The simple style of roof, with Beedon's patent tiles, is worthy of adoption in all agricultural buildings. Among the many accommodations are houses for dairy and breeding cows,



COW-HOUSE, ROYAL DAIRY FARM, WINDSOR PARK.

with open yards and sheds attached, covered yards for fattening beasts, good stables, and piggeries. The granaries extend over the mill, boiler and engine rooms, and lead directly from the threshing and winnowing machines; the chaff and litter cutters are placed on a floor over the chaff-room and a portion of the straw barn, so that the cut falls ready for use in the covered yards and stables. Great attention has been paid to the ventilation of these yards by raising the roof on each side to give a free current of air. The thickness of the Bridge-water tile secures a cool temperature in summer and warmth in winter.

Messrs. Clayton and Shuttleworth put up the whole of the machinery, consisting of one of their 8-horse power fixed steam-engines, which works a thrashing and winnowing machine manufactured by them; a chaff-cutter made by Messrs. Corbett, an oat-and-bean-crusher by Messrs. Turner, a cake-breaker by Messrs. Garrett, a litter-cutter by Messrs. Ashby, a root-cutter by Messrs. Gardner, and a pulping-machine by Messrs. Bentall.

A steam plough and engine of 12-horse power, made by Messrs. Fowler, have also been introduced; and in the autumn as much steam-ploughing as possible is done by it. The cropping is carried on in the four-course rotation. Roots are followed by wheat or barley—the former generally; then beans, followed by oats. Besides the steam tackle, about four pairs of horses are employed.

At this farm are the pure-bred herds of Herefords and Devons, the total amount of stock kept altogether being eighty-five head of cattle and forty Berkshire pigs. The whole farm is a good example of what a naturally bad soil can be made to do by improvement and skilful management. Walking over some of its fields in which the plough is at work, one sees a yellow, plastic clay turned up to the surface—as unkindly a soil as it is possible to imagine, yet by drainage and good tillage it is made to yield thirty-six to forty bushels of wheat per acre, sixty to eighty bushels of oats, and large crops of mangels, clover, and beans. Visitors to the Windsor Show will find it well worth inspection as an example of how good cultivation can triumph over natural disadvantages.

Is the Church of England keeping pace with the growth of the population? The Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding at Sion College, at the Additional Curates Society (for Home Missions), remarked that the enemies of the Church answered this question in the negative. He pointed, however, to the fact that in 1878 the number of confirmations in England was only 150,000, whereas last year it amounted to 217,500, which showed that the Church was vastly stronger to-day than it was ten years ago. His Grace was supported at the meeting by the Bishops of Marlborough and Wakefield, Canons Body and Ingram, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Addington, Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., and others.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Of the seven or eight thousand works which, according to popular rumour, were crowded out or rejected from the exhibition at Burlington House, less than five hundred are now to be seen at Olympia. Whether the novelty of the display will in any way make up for its meagreness, is a question which we will not pretend to answer. One thing is pretty certain—that is that the present exhibition is, so far as it goes, an ample vindication of the discretion of the Council of the Royal Academy. On the other hand, we may be, perhaps, allowed to hope and to believe that amongst the many artists who failed to secure a place at Burlington House there are very many who have no ambition to ticket themselves as having been "rejected," or even "crowded out." Moreover, without in the least degree wishing to impugn the good faith of the committee, it is difficult to know how far the distinction between the two classes has been maintained; for nothing is said as to the tests applied to the various works. It is expecting too much of human nature—even among artists—not to suppose that each exhibitor would prefer to think that his work had failed to find a place rather from want of space than from want of merit.

Bearing these points in mind, it must be admitted that the exhibition at Olympia is an interesting one—not so much from an artistic as from a mental point of view: one is forced to search for the wishes and hopes of the artists in exhibiting their productions under such conditions. The three divisions under which their works are classified are in themselves amusing. Section I., composed of the "R.A. Doubtful," contains less than a hundred pictures, amongst which the most striking are Mr. A. G. Adam's study of "Herrings" (645), a really clever bit of still-life painting; Mr. Ernest Appleby's "Expanse of Waters" (578), and a landscape (632) by Mr. Albert Stevens.

Section II., the "R.A. Rejected," is more numerous filled and comprising nearly four hundred works, displaying various phases of misapplied zeal. Even here, however, several happy thoughts and pleasant touches may be found, as, for instance, in Mr. F. A. Hopkins's "Ferry in the Ardennes" (10), Mr. C. Patterson's "Return of the Flounder-Boats" (24), Miss Gorst's "Chrysanthemums" (147), Miss Jay's "High-street, Hythe" (169), although it wants atmosphere; and Miss Denny Curtois' "Reflection" (183). Among the water-colours, as might be expected, the level is much higher, and few exhibitions would suffer from the presence of such works as Mr. A. Stevens's "Derwentwater" (225), Mr. C. H. Hinchcliff's "Breton Village Street" (222), Miss M. S. Grosce's "Notre Dame" (249) by moonlight, Miss Stewart's "Old Favourites" (248), and Mr. H. Fuller's "View of St. Heliers, Jersey" (230).

Section III. consists of pictures "which may or may not have been exhibited elsewhere," a somewhat all-embracing title, and consequently bringing before the public many works with which it has already made acquaintance. Amongst these are a number of works by Chevalier Henry Campotosto, of which the Belgian country sketches are more interesting than the figure studies and compositions. Mdlle. Campotosto also contributes an exceedingly clever drawing entitled "Sleep" (338n), which must be regarded as one of the best things in the gallery. Mr. Lance Calkin's "Two Invalids" (335), a child and dog both apparently suffering from mumps; Mr. W. Hughes's fruit piece (350), Miss Harriette Seymour's collection of pastels applied to landscapes, and Mr. Clarence Heaney's "West Middlesex Waterway" (531), are among the most worthy of notice in this section.

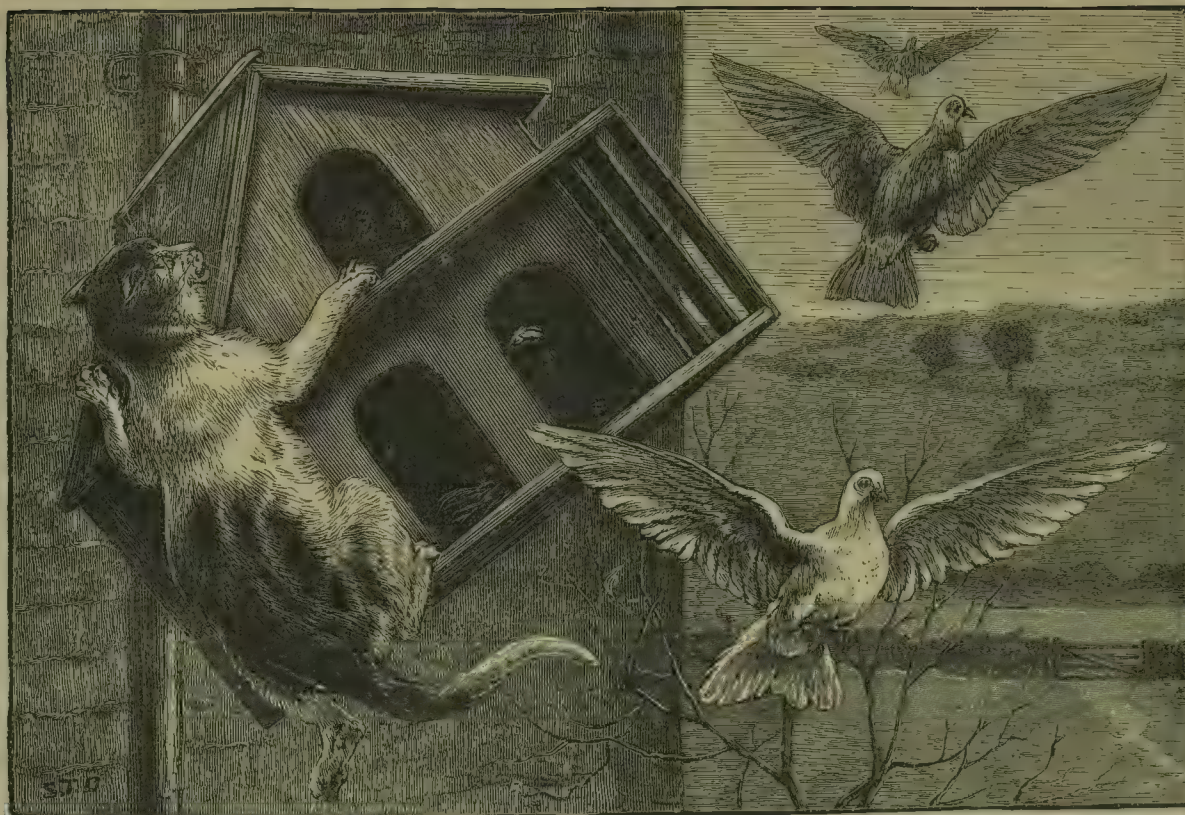
Should the experiment now attempted be repeated, we hope that some means will be taken to place an exhibition of this kind under the more direct control of those whose position would give that certificate which the present exhibition requires to make it thoroughly representative.

The Summer Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society (Egyptian Hall) is restricted to water colours; and, by reason of this limitation, not only is the level of work more uniform, but it is, at the same time, higher. A large proportion of the drawings, it is true, do not rise much above the rank of good amateur work; but, as a make-weight, amateurs are often bolder than mere professionals. The result is a really useful collection of hints as to where to pass a summer holiday. We have here, practically, an illustrated guide to England, Wales, Scotland, and the Channel Islands, and everyone in doubt of what will suit him in the way of scenery and surroundings may find in this exhibition not only "aids to reflection" but the "germs of inspiration." The president, Mr. Walter Severn, confines himself almost exclusively to the Riviera in the neighbourhood of Mentone—hardly suitable for a summer retreat; but Mr. Hubert Medleycott's careful sketches of the streets of Caen and of the Thames from various points of view, Mr. N. E. Green's reminiscences of Neufchâtel, Mr. Rupert Stevens's sunny pictures of the South Downs, and Mr. B. J. Donne's still lighter skies of the Dolomite district, will suggest places at home and abroad where happy days may be spent. Of the more striking pictures, above the level of the rest of the exhibition, we may mention, in addition to the foregoing, Mr. F. C. Fairman's "See What I Can Do" (33) and "Le Premier Déjeuner" (59)—both capital studies of cat- and -dog life; Miss Helen Druce's "Kew" (48) and "Richmond" (56); Mr. L. Bloch's "Fruit" (49); Mr. W. P. Nichol's "Wiltshire Lane" (45); Mr. J. Vervollet's "Street at Suna" (55); Mr. Rupert Stevens's "Floods at Pulborough" (68); Miss Maud Peel's "Springtime" (80); Mr. Reginald Barber's "Brunette" (111); Mr. L. R. O'Brien's "Westminster" (116); Mr. Albert Stevens's "Autumn Morning" (103); Mr. Harry Goodwin's "Cathedral Stairs, Siena" (153); Mrs. J. Buchanan's "Plums" (167 and 178); Miss Celia Culverwell's "Port Aberglaslyn" (313); and Miss Rose Barton's "Old Well" (283), a very excellent study of colour and shadow.

Mr. James Beal, of the London County Council, has been presented with a marble clock and a cheque for nearly £500 by a number of his friends.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society have announced the award of twenty medals for saving life from drowning. Two of these are silver medals—one being given to William Meyer for rescuing two coolies at Singapore, and the other to Ishar Das for saving the life of a boy at Lahore.

Lord Brassey made the annual inspection on June 22 of the boys on board the training-ship Exmouth, moored off Grays. The lads went through a series of manoeuvres and exercises, including rifle, cutlass, and gun practice, swimming feats, and a realistic representation of the art of saving life in case of shipwreck, in all of which they acquitted themselves to the admiration of the visitors.



"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP": A CATASTROPHE.

THE SOUTH MAIL.

High here among the upland moors of Lanark the evening air blows a peculiar freshness to the brow after the blazing heat of the day. The sunshine, flooding the landscape yet with its level light, dashes the whole with broad brushwork of the richest colour. Miles of alluvial grass-land glow with a yellow splendour unknown at noon; while the distant woods and the sides of Tintock, cairn-crowned against the western sky, are plunged in dark shadow of purple. Trout in hundreds, for it is their feeding-time, are making silver circles in the shining surface of the river; and the banks underfoot are sprinkled lavishly with patines of buttercup gold. After a long day's study among dust-stained books it is the hour for a restful ramble by the windings of the stream, letting the cool, bracing air of the uplands blow from the brain the cobwebs of perplexed thought, and from the heart the weariness of unsatisfied desire. Where every breath comes balm-laden from the myrtle moors, while the step springs firm upon an ancient turf, and the landscape glows unfaded to the gaze under miles of saffron-clouded sky, one seems at every inspiration to drink, god-like, from the very Iliac-cup of health.

No sound breaks the stillness by these fountains of Clyde, but the querulous "pipe-pipe" of snipe disturbed by the wanderer's footstep, the shrill cry of erratic-winged plovers, and the soft susurient whisper, once and again, of the evening breeze among the longer grasses. Nothing is here to disturb the pleasures of contemplative enjoyment. So one might think. But listen!

Far off, repeated by the hills—that long whistle was no cry of snipe or curlew. It is the mail-train making its way south, due at 7.55, and approaching at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. With a low rumble growing rapidly louder and nearer, it comes on, sweeping round the curves of its lonely highway with unabated speed until, with the roar of wheels and the whirr of plunging pistons, it crashes past—the iron incarnation of modern force. Seven long carriages bearing her Majesty's mails, each with the rope-net strapped to its side for catching the post-bags at roadside stations as it rushes past, the train, headed by its heavy engine, thunders by in a moment, followed by a whirlwind of dust; and presently only its white pennon of steam can be seen winding away among the mountains, as it hastens towards the south. A little longer and it will cross the watershed at Beattock summit, steam will be turned off, and the train will go crashing away towards the Border, with all the increasing impetus of its own momentum, amid the shadows of the gathering night.

A strange sight this when one thinks of it, to be seen by the lonely uplands of Cairntable, stronghold of the once-redoubted Douglas. These border lords, who prided themselves upon the remote inaccessibility of their mountain fastness, would be strangely surprised, could they wake from their tombs in Melrose yonder, to behold the modern express thus thundering its way down past Douglasdale; and the vaunt of the old Baron who replied to the threat of the English King with the grimly smiling assurance that "His Majesty little knew the fastnesses of Cairntable" would hardly hold good in the face of this new invasion. The mountain home of the Douglas race echoes now regularly to the whistle of the flying mail; and every night these solitudes reverberate the iron thunder of wheels as there is borne southward past them the crowded business of a nation's day. The ghost of the grim Lord Archibald, too, could it gallop again abroad in the early

dawn, might behold another mail racing northward with a still weightier budget.

A contrast striking enough even exists between the sight here to-day and that of fifty years ago. Then, down through the twilight upon the hard white highroad, it was the ring of galloping hoofs which was heard, and the blast of a coaching-horn as the Royal Mail went south. And gallant enough the sight was, with the gleam of scarlet uniforms and the foam flying from bit and flank, as the noble animals stretched out and the coach went dashing away among the lonely hills. But another thing happens now. In place of the few post-bags which used to be carried in a single "boot," there are seven carriages full of mails and men—each a travelling post-office complete, busy as a hive with sorters and stampers, glowing with gaslight, and astir with earnest toil. For the vans whirled past here every night are no mere freight-cars carrying a dead-weight of letters to the south. While the writers of the correspondence sleep in their far-off homes, the public servants are intensely awake, and eagerly busy in the flying train; and, when in the grey of morning the express steams slowly into London, every letter of the huge heaps handled will be duly arranged, and ready for immediate delivery by the district carriers.

Little do the human occupants of the train see of moor or meadow, of moonlight on the Solway, or of sunrise on the Derby hills. Momentous issues hang upon the doing of their work, and not a second can be spared for thoughts of less urgent interests. Letters are here upon whose safe and prompt arrival depends fortune or ruin, whose pages will be read with radiant smiles or with bitter tears. Here is the blue business-envelope, whose contents will send a great ship plunging across a thousand miles of sea; here the lawyer's communication, which will make a great family tremble and wither in its palace; and here, along with the black-edged letter bearing south the tidings of a sorrowful farewell, speeds the cream-tinted note which will be eagerly read and kissed by the eyes and lips of love. Pregnant with countless thrilling dramas of real life, and laden with seeds whose fruit will ripen in many a curious and unlooked-for way, are the letter-heaps thus indiscriminately thrown together. Type, however, of relentless fate and of the unheeding onrush of the world itself, the mail bears all these on, and hurries them with unfailing certainty towards the bourne of their intent.

But not alone within the train are to be found the materials of romance. Outside, on the engine, a steady hand and a cool head are needed to control the fortunes of the mail. It is no small thing for a man to stand on that oscillating platform, brake-valve in hand, as the express rocks and plunges round curves and down gradients with the strain of metal and the roar of steam, keeping one eye on the gleaming lines of the road in front, and another on the signal-posts which constantly fly past. An exhilarating task it may seem, with just enough of danger about it to quicken the pulse and exalt life to a conscious pride of power; but even on such a calm summer night the post remains an anxious one. At any moment an emergency may occur which calls for decision and action on the instant. Often enough the penalty of a second's indecision is death; and at all times the driver of the express carries his own life, as well as that of his companions, literally in his hand. The night, too, is not always calm and clear as this. Sometimes, under a heaven of inky blackness, while the uproar of the elements overhead is added to the grinding thunder of the wheels, the sight is blurred, and confusion worse confounded by the flash of

lightning and by the driving sheets of rain. Nevertheless, the express must hold steadily on its way, and, despite the dangers of the road and the elements, must deliver its imperious freight at the appointed time.

Of the dramatic heroism of the rail many a story might be recalled, besides that told so thrillingly in verse by Alexander Anderson, the surface-man. Every day, as he passed his own home, the engine-driver of the poem was accustomed to be cheered by the sight of wife or child waving a welcoming kerchief. One afternoon, as the express flashed along the level towards the spot the driver's quick glance caught sight of some object far ahead lying across the track. Off steam and on with the brakes was the word. Fire flashed from the shrieking wheels, and as the sharp, warning whistle took to the air, the spray from the steam valve showered down on the men. Another moment and the keen sight of the driver had made out the rapidly-nearing object—"It's some-one asleep on the rail!"

A few seconds more and the spot would be reached—the helpless slumberer cut to pieces by the wheels; for the train could not be stopped. A glance ahead, and the driver's resolution was taken. He sprang to the side of the cab, made his way to the narrow platform in front of the engine, and passed his leg down before the buffer. On flew the train with lightning speed; the obstacle was reached and passed—a touch of the foot had sent it safely out of harm's way. But when the driver returned to his mate his face was white as death: he could only say "Thank God!" The unconscious sleeper was his own child.

G. E.-T.

The Al Fresco Fayre and Floral Fête, the successful society show of the London season, is to be reproduced at Margate, in August, on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children. The Mayor has lent his grounds for the purpose, and there are already several Royal patronesses.

At a Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy held at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, on June 22, grants amounting to £1120 were made from the Clergy Distress Fund, the sum given in May having been £1808. The relief given to poor clergymen from the ordinary funds of the corporation, amounting to £1925, brought up the total distribution on Saturday to £3045.

The second summer flower-show of the Royal Botanic Society was recently held in the gardens at Regent's Park. Favoured by fine weather, there was a numerous attendance. The display of flowers, though not quite so extensive as on former occasions, was remarkable for its quality, the orchids being especially fine. The first prize for twelve in the amateur class was awarded to Mrs. Whitbourne, of Great Gearies, and the second to the Duke of Marlborough. Silver medals were awarded to Mr. G. T. White, Mr. G. Elliott, Mr. F. G. Tantz, and Messrs. Hugh Low and Co., and a silver-gilt medal to Mr. B. S. Williams for groups of orchids. Pelargoniums were in great perfection, Mr. Charles Turner easily maintaining the high reputation he has achieved in this beautiful class. An exceptionally fine display of double begonias by Mr. Henry Cannell was quite a revelation to many who have not watched the rapid progress that has been made in the development of this favourite flower. The group well deserved the silver medal awarded, and certificates were granted to four new varieties. There was a fair show of cut roses, and hardy herbaceous flowers, lilies, irises, and peonies were fully represented.

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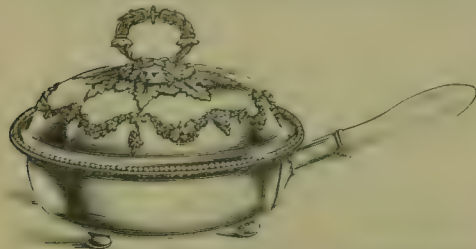
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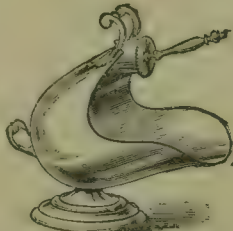
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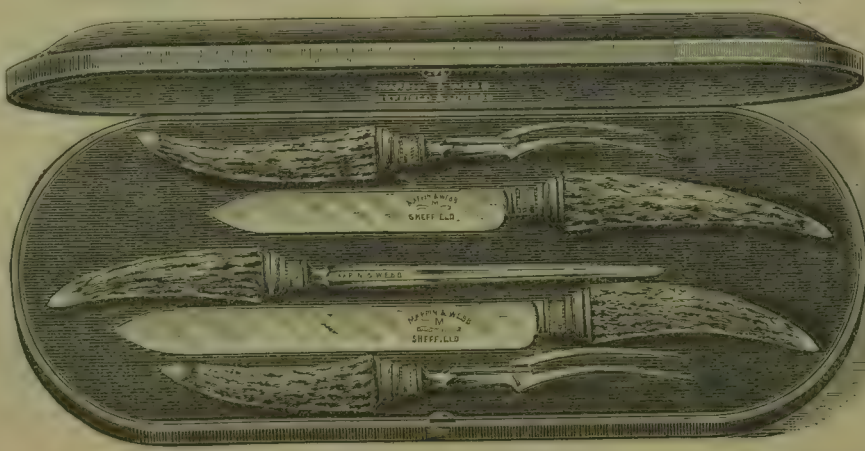
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“A CLEAR HEAD.”

For Ladies' Column, see page 834; Wills and Bequests, page 836; Silent Member, page 838.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Happy skies gave the creations of the great London and Paris modistes a chance to show themselves at Ascot, and the display of frocks was indeed a brilliant one. There was the greatest variety in materials and styles. Everybody may now wear what suits herself. The young married woman with a slender, graceful figure may appear in foulard or in one of the soft-draping silks that are so popular, while the stately matrons may don heavy silken attire mixed with the still more stately sheen of velvet, and the young girl in the glory of her first season is suited with mousseline-de-laine, or the airy silk muslin, while a printed cambric or an embroidered linen is not too insignificant. Gowns of all these fabrics, and of the many soft woollens also, were seen side by side in the inclosure.

Foulard was notably in the ascendant. It drapes so prettily, and there is so much variety in the colouring and the patterns, that its popularity is easily accounted for. A pretty gown worn by the young sister of a Peeress was of dark blue foulard with a tiny floral pattern in white, made with a plain tight bodice closed at the throat and again at the waist, but opening in the middle to show a Directoire kilted pleating of white mousseline-de-chiffon—that gauzy, cloud-like fabric which seems hardly more solid than a spider's web, but makes such beautiful drapings. At the left side of the skirt, three narrow panels of the same kilted appeared, divided by folds of the material. The hat worn with this was one of the new ones of plaited rose-stems, with a cluster of the flowers at the front. Another dress was a biscuit-coloured foulard with small pink strawberries patterned over it. This was made with a toreard vest of pink velvet, edged round with handsome beaded passementerie, and a full vest of the foulard. A little stringless bonnet, entirely of pink roses, was worn with this gown.

More stately was a grey peau-de-soie—that charming silk which has the close surface and dull gloss of Russia leather—trimmed with Irish point laid over pink. The sleeves were full, of the grey silk, and set into a deep tight cuff of the lace-covered pink; the top of the bodice was a yoke of an immense number of tiny pleats of grey, set into a band or trimming of lace which covered the bust, and beneath which the grey was fitted to the figure plainly and tightly. The front of the skirt was of similar minute grey pleatings, edged with lace over pink on either side.

The revival of accordeon pleating is a feature of the fashion of the moment. It is certainly pretty, and a charming effect was produced in one gown by the accordeon pleats being made in a narrow striped material. The colours were heliotrope, or rather pale mauve, and white; the stuff, a soft silk. As the wearer stood still, only the mauve was visible; but with every movement the white stripes showed in the folds with striking effect. The bodice was close-fitting, showing the character of the material plainly; but epaulettes of fine accordeon pleating, and a narrow loose vest of the same, caught under at the waist, gave it originality.

A striking gown was of a big black and white check armure. Folds of canary yellow crêpe-de-Chine formed a waistcoat and cuffs, and the big black lace hat was trimmed with white ribbon and a long spray of laburnum blossom. A grey frisé velvet mixed with silk of the same shade, and made

in that Empire-fashion which hitherto has been little seen in the open, preferring the comparative seclusion of private parties, looked rather too heavy for the girlish wearer. A black striped moiré and brocaded silk, with revers and big tops to the sleeves of green velvet and a white full mousseline-de-soie vest, was worn with a large white hat of the open-work straw which is called "crochet" straw, through which the hair is seen. It was flat to the head in the middle, raised at back and front to show a small wreath of pink roses in each situation, resting becomingly against the red-gold hair of the distinguished young wearer.

As usual, the Princess of Wales was easily first in grace and distinction. When I see her, I am constantly reminded of a visit which I paid to a photograph-shop with a young man who was going to live far away from cultivated women's society, in an African station. He wanted some pretty faces to remind him in his exile of what he had left; and he turned over a large box of portraits of all the charming young women who let their pictured presentment be sold to the stranger, from duchesses to opera-bouffe prima donnas. But he kept returning to the portraits of the heiress to the throne—"Now, is not this the prettiest of them all?" he would say—and ultimately he bought three photographs of the Princess of Wales for his ideal of womanly beauty and grace. As the Princess appeared at Ascot, in white poplin trimmed with a beautiful gold passementerie, and a little white bonnet of lace trimmed with osprey and diamonds, few people would have ventured to challenge her queenhood of elegance.

A conference of women has been held from the 25th to the 29th of June in Paris, at which Dr. Kate Mitchell, Miss Balfour, and other English ladies have read papers. It is to be followed by another, more important than the earlier one in so far as that it is held under the direct auspices of the French Government. This begins on July 12, and is to be devoted specially to the consideration of works of philanthropy and social reform that are or may be carried on by women. The Government insists on two subjects being excluded from consideration—the political rights of women and their status in the family. It appears to most of us here that these subjects being tabooed, little remains to afford scope for original thought or reforming initiative in connection with the congress. We shall see.

Mercy is the province of women, and, in mercy both to human beings and animals, women should oppose the attempt now being made to initiate a Pasteur Institute in London, or to make a large English subscription for the one in Paris. Mercy to animals requires the effort, because M. Pasteur's practices involve killing great numbers of animals in torture to get from the diseased tissues the poisonous matter with which to inoculate dog-bitten mankind. Mercy to men needs it, because the "hydrophobia boom" got up to glorify Pasteur by his fellow-vivisectioners causes the terror of death to fall on hundreds of people bitten by dogs, when it is really exceedingly rare for hydrophobia to follow a bite even from a truly rabid dog; and also because, according to the editor of the Paris *Journal de Médecine*, Pasteur has given hydrophobia to men who otherwise would not have had it, the dogs which bit them not being mad, while the men died after being Pasteurised.

There is an attempt to deceive the public as to the value of the treatment by a juggle with figures. It is said, as though it were scientifically proved, that sixteen per cent of those bitten by mad dogs die if they are not Pasteurised, while only one per cent die if they are treated in this method. The falsity of the assertion, as Professor Peter, of Paris, points out, is as demonstrable as a problem of Euclid:—If sixteen per cent of the persons who have been treated at the Pasteur Institute, would have died without the treatment, then the death rate of France from hydrophobia before Pasteur invented his plan would have been about 250 per annum. But as a fact the death rate from that disease for the twelve years before he began was only twenty-five per annum; and since he began (the terror caused by his "boom" probably helping the disease in nervous persons to develop) the death rate from hydrophobia in France has not fallen but risen. Pasteur's treatment, therefore, is demonstrated not to have saved the lives his advocates claim. There is no escaping this "Q.E.D.," except the wild supposition is set up that just when he began work there was a sudden and immense increase in the virulence of the disease, so that, though only twenty-five persons died of it in 1880, over 200 would have died in 1881 without him—"which is absurd," as Euclid would say.

Precisely the same is true of England. Nearly 200 English patients have been treated, I believe, at the Pasteur Institute in Paris; but the death-rate from hydrophobia in England has not diminished accordingly. On the calculation of M. Pasteur, he has saved something like thirty English persons who would without him have died; but the rescue of that thirty does not appear in our Registrar-General's statistics—the death-rate from hydrophobia in England is not reduced by Pasteurism. What, then, does the Lord Mayor ask us to give thanks to the French chemist for? One hundred and sixty Pasteurised persons are known to have died of hydrophobia!

It would be wrong to call this Pasteur craze a "medical" delusion, for M. Pasteur is not a medical man, and some of the leading physicians in France, England, and America have stanchly withstood his pretensions. But it is one of those delusions about medicine of which history is full, and which future generations, in face of the facts that I have mentioned above about the death rate, will marvel at this one for its foolishness in temporarily accepting. It would not matter if it did not involve terrible anxiety to mankind and torture to poor brutes, but that it does do this mischief makes it needful to oppose the propaganda which is being pressed forward by some persons because this professed cure is claimed as a vivisectionists' triumph. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Sir J. B. Lawes, Bart., having endowed the Rothamstead Agricultural Experimental Station with the sum of £100,000, for the purpose of carrying on the investigations after his death, has now appointed the trustees, who met at Rothamstead and elected the following officers:—Dr. John Evans (Treasurer to the Royal Society), chairman; Sir John Thorold, deputy-chairman; Dr. Hugo Mueller, treasurer; and Mr. Herbert Cox, secretary. The trustees were shown the experiments by Sir J. B. Lawes and Mr. C. B. Lawes, and afterwards discussed the steps to be taken for working the trust.

THE AUTHOR OF "HARVEST."

THE author of "Bootles' Baby," who writes under the pseudonym of "John Strange Winter," continues to witch the world with wondrous workmanship in tale-writing. The popularity of Mrs. Stannard—for such is the name and style of the writer—is, perhaps, increasing more rapidly since she stands revealed as a woman, than during the time she assumed a masculine name, and was unknown to critics by any other. She obtained fame as a writer of short novels long before her identity was discovered; and she continues to hold it by the force and sustained power of her genius. Notwithstanding, and in spite of her sex, her male areas true to life as her female characters. Moreover her male characters are those of a class whose private life and manners are, as a rule, the least known to women. The army officer at home and abroad, in barracks and in secluded retirement, in love and in death, are depicted with equal familiarity in the bright pages of her numerous works. Mr. John Ruskin, the celebrated art critic, is no mean judge, as we all know, of literary merit and powers of observation—of a graphic pen as well as of an accomplished pencil, a skilful graver, or a brilliant brush. He declares Mrs. Stannard to be "the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier." This is high but by no means exaggerated praise with regard to "John Strange Winter"—although Mr. Ruskin is somewhat prone to overestimate as well as to underestimate those whom he vouchsafes to criticise. But, undoubtedly, he knows a good thing when he sees it, in whatever art form it is presented, whether a novel, an essay, a line engraving, or a painting. He has, at least, made no mistake this time, according to the concordant opinion of competent reviewers of fiction of all kinds, in whose eyes Mrs. Stannard continues to grow in favour.

"Harvest," the latest production of the gifted author of "Bootles' Baby," is characterised by all the salient merits of the works which have already made her popular, without repeating their slight defects. It is her most perfect work. She once more introduces us to military men, but of a type distinct from any to be met with in her earlier writings—thus showing the comprehensiveness of her knowledge of the British soldier in his various moods and types. It must not be understood, however, that the manners and customs of officers and gentlemen are the only subjects she treats with fidelity and with a deep insight into the secret workings of human nature. Childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and wifehood, are subjects which she portrays with equal skill and charm. Indeed, the central figure in "Harvest" is a woman, around whom the interest of the tale gathers with intense attractive force as page after page is read of this last of her popular One-Shilling Novels. And Rachel Power is a grand girl—faithful in love without being weak, and proud and independent as a woman should be who would command respect. She does not dally with life, but meets its disappointments and stern realities with unbroken spirit, prepared to do or die in the thick of the battle. The orphan of an army surgeon in India, she comes to England, is disappointed in love—the consequence of her scrupulous high-minded morality, and not apparently from lack of fidelity from a lover—and is ignored by the relative who should be her protection. In face of all, though her heart-strings are now and again torn with emotion, and all the future seems gloomy, she does not sit down to idly weep. She is firm in her resolve to be independent, and to work nobly on in the path of virtue, and of thorough devotion to art so as to win herself an everlasting name.

From what has been said it will be needless to further assure the reader of this notice that Mrs. Stannard possesses, to a remarkable extent, an instinctive faculty of keen observation of the varied manners and moods of human life in all periods of its existence. She is also quiet and appreciative of objects external to mankind, and her



power of description is at all times adequate, so that the scenes she depicts are etched deeply in the reader's mind. She never abuses this talent, however, by frequent display, or by writing long ambitious passages of word-painting, as is the manner of some. She prefers dramatic situation, and dramatic expression on the part of her characters, to mere scenic effect. But the stage is not crowded with too many figures; there is no noise, rush, and hurry in the business. Her plots are simple and straightforward. There is no trick, no mystery about them. Her characters speak for themselves in humour and pathos, in love and hate. Explanatory detail is unnecessary; no long prologue or epilogue is required. The creations of her mind become transparent as they gradually reveal themselves by word and deed. We are not burdened with moral observations. What is taught is taught unobtrusively in the action of the story, not by side-comments and sermonising. A moral there always is, as there must be in all written tales or dramas—characters to be liked or disliked—to be admired with an aspiration to follow, or to be condemned with a desire to shun their ways. The moral of Mrs. Stannard's tales is always a healthy one. She does not gild over frailties and tempt one to say, "Evil, be thou my good." The effect of all her works is to teach us to worship integrity and nobility of conduct.

"Harvest" is indeed a delightful story, and the Hanson Cab Publishing Company, Ludgate Hill, E.C., did well to secure a tale by "John Strange Winter," as a variation from the highly sensational melodramatic fiction which first signalled the advent in England of the now well-known Australian publishers. Not that there is anything to caviat, much less to deplore, in fiction of a sensational character, so long as it is not impure and wilfully wicked in tone. Mrs. Stannard, however, has chosen the better part. "Harvest" is an absolutely refreshing story, so far as its moral effect on the mind is concerned. Many, indeed, will think in these days, when love, marriage, polygamy, divorce, and the general relationship of the sexes are discussed with such freedom and license—when free-love and free-thinking are boldly advocated—that the writer has created a heroine of unnatural purity, as times go. They will at least think that Rachel Power might, in the end, have forgiven Valentine Harrington, whom she undoubtedly loved, and pardoned him for his one offensive proposal on a fateful day in the past. But no! she is obdurate. Her moral sentiment, once deeply offended by a suggestion on a matter of supreme moment to the purity which she holds inviolate, no restitution by marriage can ever be rendered possible. And all this is brought out in the tale with the greatest delicacy of touch and freedom from sensational romance. There is not a single puritan remark or carnal suggestiveness anywhere. Readers who look for anything of the kind in "Harvest" will be woefully disappointed.

Persons in search of a bright, admirably-told tale, full of attractive interest from the first to the last page, will find what they want in good measure in the little one-shilling volume, "Harvest." It is understandable to all, for Mrs. Stannard's language is simple yet forcible, and simplicity and force are also the distinguishing features of the plot. No page or paragraph has to be re-read to catch its sense or to identify the character speaking or acting at any given time or place. It is the most lucid and readable of stories. No better volume of fiction we know of can be selected at a bookstall to render a railway journey agreeable to the weary traveller than "Harvest," or one which a man of business or pleasure can with greater delight or safety take home for the entertainment of himself and family. This is a common experience with Mrs. Stannard's books; with none more so than with her latest, "Harvest," which has already met with an enormous sale. It is destined to become increasingly popular, and the sale thereof to exceed that of any of her former productions, "Bootles' Baby" not excepted. We cannot have too much of good things of this kind, and we look forward with deep longings for the time when we again hope to welcome a new tale from the pen of "John Strange Winter."

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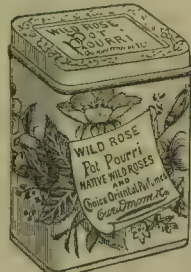


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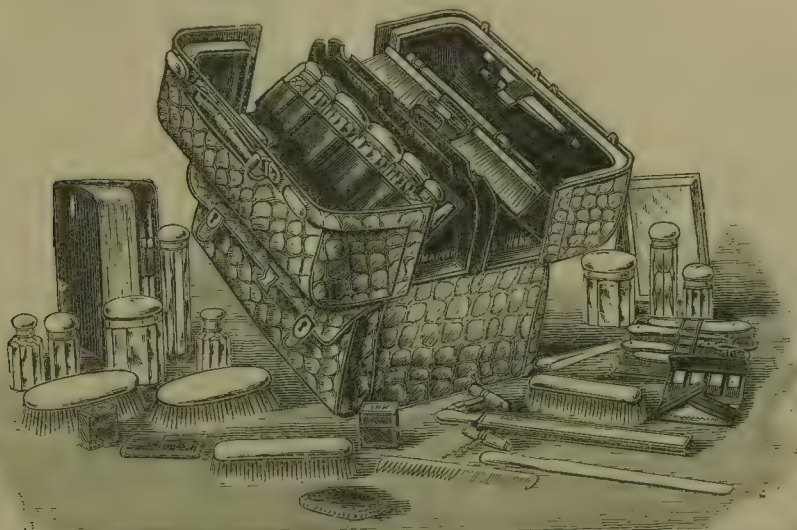
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 12, 1884) of Mrs. Ellen Walker, late of Blyth Hall, Nottingham, widow, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on May 31 at the Nottingham District Registry by Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Weldon and Mrs. Helena Rachel Louisa Weldon, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £224,000. The testatrix gives her curious enamelled watch and chain to the Dowager Lady Galway; £2000 each to Miss Huntsman, Miss Chambers, and Mrs. Fletcher; £1000 each to Madeline Williams, Bertha Williams, and Miss Sharpe; the plate, jewels, old lace, articles of vertu, and furniture to Mrs. Weldon. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for Mrs. Weldon, for life, then to her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Weldon, for his life, and on the death of the survivor of them to their children.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1878), with a codicil (dated April 6, 1882), of Mr. Whitaker Leighton Nutter, formerly, of Springfield, Upper Clapton, and late of Brookwood, Hollington, St. Leonards, who died on March 31, was proved on May 2 by Mrs. Laura Harding Nutter, the widow, John Frederick Nutter, the nephew, and Charles James Thomas, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £176,000. The testator gives £10,000 each to his nephews and nieces; and £1000, his furniture and effects, and the use, for life, of Brookwood, to his wife; she is also to have the income of £40,000 so long as she shall remain his widow, but should she marry again this sum is reducible to £30,000. At her death a power of appointment is given to her over £20,000, part thereof. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his nephew and nieces—viz., to Mrs. Mary Matilda Thomas, John Frederick Nutter, Mary Nutter, Anne Nutter, Gertrude Nutter, and Emily Nutter, as tenants in common.

The will (dated March 5, 1889) of Colonel Samuel William Welfitt, J.P., D.L., late of Langwith Lodge, Mansfield, Notts, who died on April 25, was proved on May 25 at the Nottingham District Registry by Mrs. Letitia Mary Welfitt, the widow, Sir Thomas Woollaston White, Bart., and John Wigram, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £95,000. The testator gives £5000, any money at his bankers', the silver épergne and address presented to him by the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, crops and live and dead stock to his wife; £100 each to Sir Thomas White and John Wigram; and legacies to his indoor and outdoor servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. On her decease he bequeaths £1000 and annuities of £400 each, to his brother Walter Need, and to his sisters, Mrs. Lucy Hodder and Mrs. Fanny S. Gill; £1000 to his brother Thomas Need; legacies to his nieces; and the ultimate residue,

upon trust, for his brother Thomas Need, for life, then to his brother Walter Need, for his life, and then for his sisters, Mrs. Hodder and Mrs. Gill, in succession, for their respective lives. Subject thereto one third thereof is to go to each of his nephews, William Henry J. M. Hodder, John S. Gill, and John Walter Need.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1885), with a codicil (dated Oct. 22, 1886), of Mr. Robert George Underdown, J.P., late of Northleigh, Seymour-grove, Whalley Range, Manchester, who died, on March 5, at Bournemouth, was proved in the Manchester District Registry on May 2 by Mrs. Lydia Underdown, the widow, and Herbert William Underdown, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £62,000. Subject to a gift of £1000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for her, for life; on her death, £3000 is to be held, upon trust, for his son Robert John Underdown, and the residue thereof he leaves to his son Herbert William and to his daughters, Florence and Emily, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 14, 1883) of the Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Bart., late of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, Worcester, who died on April 6, was proved in the Worcester District Registry on May 13 by the Rev. Marmaduke Charles Frederick Morris, the Rev. John Rich, and the Rev. Thomas Ayscough Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £54,000. The testator bequeaths £8000 to the Rev. John Hampton; £2000 to his former tutor, Walter Watson; £200 to Sir Walter R. Farquhar, Bart.; £2000, upon trust, for Mrs. Julia Frances Jackson, for life, and then for her children; £2000 to Miss Eliza Onseley Kennedy; his musical library to St. Michael's College; and £1000 to each executor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the Rev. Marmaduke Charles Frederick Morris, the Rev. John Rich, and the Rev. Thomas Ayscough Smith, absolutely, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 26, 1883), with three codicils (dated Feb. 16, 1885; Feb. 28 and March 1, 1889), of the Rev. George Lambe, late of Highlands, Ivy Bridge, Devon, who died on March 8, was proved on May 31 by Richard Mallock and Thomas Nicholson Graham, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £51,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and an annuity of £600 to his wife, Mrs. Clementina Augusta Lambe, during her widowhood; 100 guineas to each executor; and portions of £5000, upon trust, for each of his daughters. The residue of his property he leaves between such of his sons as, being younger sons, shall not succeed, under the will of testator's father, to the settled estates in Devon.

The will (dated April 2, 1889) of Mr. Francis Thornley,

J.P., late of Landore, Birkenhead, who died on April 23, at Algiers, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Louisa Elizabeth Thornley, the widow, and Thomas Heath Thornley and Reginald Matthew Thornley, the sons, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testator gives £200, and the use, during widowhood, of Landore, with the gardens and certain freehold land adjoining, to his wife; £7000 to each of his sons, Thomas and Reginald; and £4000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Spalding, upon the trusts contained therein. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or till she shall marry again, and, subject thereto, between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 13, 1885), with three codicils (dated April 13, 1885; July 2, 1887; and April 2, 1889), of the Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., LL.D., Canon of Ely, and Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, formerly Head-Master of Shrewsbury, late of The Elms, Cambridge, who died, at Torquay, on April 6, was proved on May 31 by Miss Marian Grace Kennedy, the daughter, John Lane-Kitson, and Anne Jemima Clough, the Principal of Newnham College, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator gives and devises his lands in the counties of Montgomery and Salop to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Goodrich Kennedy, and his premises at Adcock's Green, Worcester, his shares in the University Life Assurance Society, and Vaughan's Mansions, Shrewsbury, and all his furniture and effects to his daughter Marian Grace Kennedy. His copyrights, manuscripts, and the contracts he may have with any firm of publishers, upon certain trusts, firstly, for his daughters Marian and Julia, and then for his daughters Mrs. Bunbury and Mrs. Kitson. The residue of his property he leaves between his four daughters.

The Marquis of Salisbury has made his agricultural tenants a reduction of 15 per cent on their half-year's rent, being the same amount allowed on several previous occasions. Earl Cowper has allowed his tenants a reduction of 10 per cent.

The Commercial Travellers' Schools, pleasantly situated at Pinner, were the scene of an agreeable gathering on June 22, when the annual prize distribution took place, under the presidency of Sir Albert Rolitt, M.P. The scholars, of whom there are 370 in the institution, were put through a searching oral examination, in which they acquitted themselves exceptionally well, particularly in the matter of French and German. It was stated, too, that ninety-two candidates had been presented for the South Kensington science and art examination in May, and that all but three had passed, many of them in advanced subjects.

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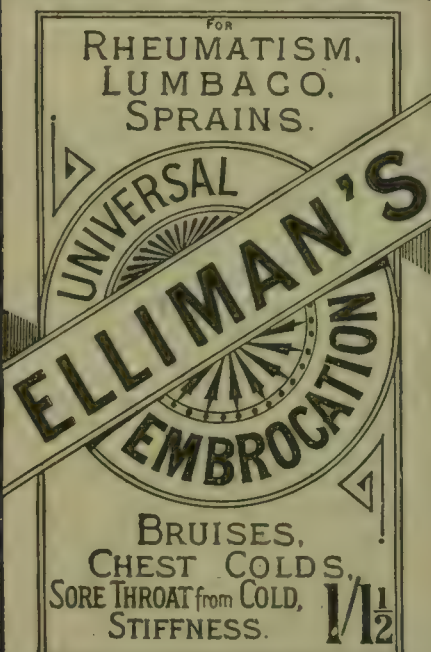


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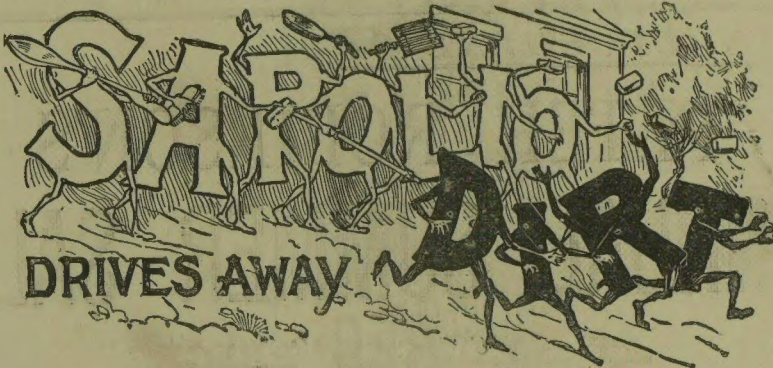
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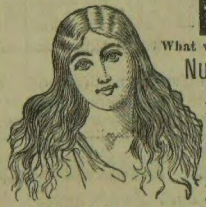
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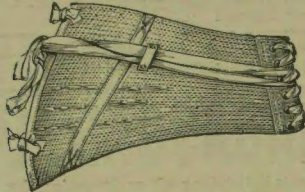
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